THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE:

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Of the Transactions of the TURF, the CHASE, and every other Diversion interesting to the Man of Pleasure, Enterprize and Spirit,

For JUNE, 1795.

CONTAINING

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RACING CALENDAR.—Catterick. Hambleton.—Middleham.—York.—Epfom. Guildford. — Manchefter.— Tenbury.— Afcot Heath.-Ludlow.-Newton.-13-20.

Ornamented with 1. A pleafing Reprefentation of PUNT FISHING; 2. A Portraiture of WAXEY, the property of Sir Ferdinando Poole, Bart.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

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TO THE READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS OF THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE Adventures of TIMOTHY TUNBELY, were so much the Appearance of being written in the Hour of Inebriety, that, were we to give it a Place, our Readers might, with great Truth, pronounce us as Drunk as the Writer of it.

We think we can recognize the Hand-writing of an old and valuable Correspondent, in the Account of ASCOT RACES, which we received a few Days back; but it differs so materially in point of Language, and is so extremely personal in its Attacks, that it cannot possibly be admitted.

The Verses of a SEA-WORN TAR, possess Merit in a much superior Degre to what generally falls to the Lot of those who plough the Deep; and the Occasion on which they are founded, is of a Nature that must make the Heart of every *true-born Englishman* glow with Veneration for that Bulwark of Britain, her Navy, and those who lead it to VICTORY! yet they are inadmissible in the SPORTING MAGAZINE, for Reasons which we have before assigned. However, we hope they will be conveyed to the Public Eye through the Medium of some other respectable Monthly Publication.

TOM TUG complains, in bitter Terms, of our not having noticed Rowing Matches, "*and all that there Sort of Thing.*" Far from being displeased with his *rough* Address, (which we believe to be the Characteristic of a Waterman) we have only to refer him, whenever such Matches take Place, to our *Sporting Intelligence*, where they are always recorded with as much Accuracy as the Subject will admit.

THE

Sporting Magazine

For JUNE, 1795.

LIFE *of* Mr. TATTERSALL.

(Continued from Page 65, *Vol.* 5.)

AT the time Mr. Tatterſall purchaſed Highflyer, a proſpect of gain the moſt alluring opened upon him. Eclipſe, the property of the late Colonel O'Kelly, was then the favourite ſtallion, but he was a very indifferent foal-getter, and the breeders began to tire of ſending mares to him, inaſmuch as the expence of covering was great and certain, and the produce very uncertain; beſides it was ſuppoſed that an excellent croſs would be formed between Highflyer and the Eclipſe mares. Although the ſires of theſe horſes (Herod and Marſk) were allied, there was a certain vein of blood in each that bore no near affinity; and it is a received opinion, and acted upon in general, that to breed *in and in*, or in the ſame blood, tends to degenerate the race. To ſupport this opinion, a compariſon is made with the human ſpecies. Experience proves that by intermarrying into the ſame families, the faculties become impaired. It is added that corn frequently ſowed in the ſame ground where it is produced, degenerates. On the other hand it is obſerved that cart horſes have been brought to their preſent perfection by breeding what is called *in and in*. Certain it is that Mr. Bakewell, and all the celebrated breeders have followed this courſe, and have brought their horſes and cattle to a degree of excellence unknown till lately, by inceſtuous commerce. It is more than probable that ſufficient experiments have not been made with race-horſes to determine this point; and perhaps, both poſitions may be true in part: viz. that it is neceſſary to croſs the breed to give ſpeed and perſeverance; but in order to produce ſhape and

 beauty

beauty, the blood of the male and female fhould be one. Mr. Tatterfall, ever intent upon getting money, followed the fafhion. He did not breed for fame, nor to improve the fpecies for the benefit of mankind. That horfe was the moft excellent, in his eftimation, which produced the largeft price. Confiderable jealoufies prevailed between him and his competitor, Colonel O'Kelly. They felt the neceffity of croffing by the blood of their refpective ftallions, but each was afraid of increafing the celebrity of the others horfe thereby. Colonel O'Kelly purchafed Herod mares; Mr. Tatterfall purchafed Marfk mares. Great as was the profits arifing from the covers of Highflyer, it bore but a fmall proportion to that arifing from the fale of his colts and fillies. Mr. Tatterfall bought as many well bred mares as he could find. He was fometimes impofed upon, but at length he was furnifhed with a ftud equal to that of any nobleman in the kingdom. Mr. O'Kelly frequently complained to the writer of this, that in his early ftages on the turf, he was alfo moft fcurvily treated in the purchafe of mares. Thofe who bore the rank, and enjoyed the fortunes of gentlemen, fold him half bred mares, with the fignature of noblemen to affert the truth of a falfe pedigree. The life of this eccentric character will be given in fome future Number. It was not only fingular and furprifing, but if properly attended to, will furnifh fome of the moft ufeful leffons to the prefent, and future generations. He ought to be noticed here, as forming, in fome inftances, a ftriking contraft with Mr. Tatterfall. The Colonel, who piqued himfelf upon being defcended from the firft race of *Milefian* kings, although he ferved, for the greateft part of his life fome of the humbleft offices, bred, and ran his horfes for fame. He facrificed many thoufands of pounds in afpiring to the glory of being the Jehu of the day. We have already mentioned that Mr. Tatterfall bred for profit. The former never fold any thing before he had trained, and ran it at Newmarket. The latter never trained any thing*.—— The Irifhman matched every thing.—The Lancafhire man fold every thing.— The one was hafty and impetuous in betting upon the defcendants of Eclipfe. The other was filent, and left it thofe who had bought them, to rifque their money upon the progeny of Highflyer. In a word, they refembled each other in nothing, except the meannefs of their birth, their want of education, their total ignorance of horfes, and their extreme good fortune. Both of them adopted the religion of the majority of their refpective countries, but neither of them was initiated into the myfteries; they never attended *church* or *chapel*, and gave no trouble to *parfon* or *prieft*; yet purfued the deftined courfe of nature in contemplating events beyond the grave, and in regulating the management of the property left to their fucceffors. But here they took oppofite roads. Mr. Tatterfall in the decline of

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* When we fay that Mr. Tatterfall never trained any thing, it muft be underftood with the exception of one mare early in life, which was of no note. In the introduction to his life, the then writer ftated him to be a Yorkfhire man. He was born in Lancafhire.

life

life was more than uſually anxious that his ſon ſhould perſevere in keeping ſtallions, and breeding race-horſes. Mr. O'Kelly directed by his will that all his ſtud ſhould be ſold as ſoon as poſſible after his death—mark the ſequel. —Mr. Tatterſall's ſon and heir ſold the whole ſtud laſt month. Mr. O'Kelly's nephew and executor was obliged to ſell under the direction of the will, but he bought moſt of the horſes for his own uſe, and has now four covering ſtallions, and a conſiderable number of mares. If one were to hazard an opinion, it would be that mankind would act wiſely to leave the diſpoſal of things to their ſucceſſors, when they are no longer in a condition to ſuperintend them themſelves. Of the preſent Mr. O'Kelly we ſhall only ſay in *this* article that he has profited by a good Engliſh and French education, which his uncle beſtowed upon him. He is Lieutenant Colonel in the Middleſex Militia, and purſues the turf with ſome ſpirit. The preſent Mr. Tatterſall had never any delight in race-horſes, and prefers hunting and auctioneering to the Turf.

(To be continued.)

DUELLING.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine,

GENTLEMEN,

BEING no friend to that ancient relic of gothic barbariſm, calling *Duelling*, I cannot conceive it in any other light than that of actually *ſporting* with life; eſpecially when we read of a man who has the effrontery to go to his friend's houſe, eat of his meat, partake of his bottle, and even to inſult the virtue of his wife; and when called upon to give a civil account of ſuch unjuſtifiable conduct, he replies, "*Sir, I wear a ſword.*"

Duelling, although I totally deſpiſe the very idea of it, is certainly in ſuch caſes a proſtitution of its original purpoſe. However, the preſent day has furniſhed us with the means of reſenting any inſult that may be offered to our *honour*, without endangered our lives.

A gentleman of *broad-bottomed* extraction, who has lately arrived in England, lays down the following *ſafe* and wholeſome preſcription, which I ſhall relate for the entertainment (if not for the *uſe*) of your readers.

Your's, &c.

June 20, 1795. QUIBUS.

Mynheer Van Cottingen, from Amſterdam, is juſt arrived in Bevis Marks, where he has taken a convenient houſe. He has, by infinite labour, and many years ſtudy, invented, and profeſſeth to teach, a ſafe and expeditious method of making young gentlemen *men* of *honour*, either by the art of mutual confederacy, with powder *only*, or by the help of ſeconds without fighting at all, as time, place, inclination, character, and family intereſt, may demand and agree; for the utility of which he appeals to ſeveral officers in both army and navy, and others who prefer whole ſkins to ſkins with holes in them. And as, notwithſtanding the perfect ſecurity of this method, ſeveral gentlemen are liable to certain palpitations and affections inherent to natural fears, he has alſo diſcovered a ſal volatile noſtrum, which effectually prevents all diſaſters of that kind. Mynheer

heer hath also prepared an instrument for jagging perforations in wearing apparel, or *whisking off side-curls*, so as to deceive the nicest optics with the appearance of having been performed by bullets; as also a secret manner of making gun-shot wounds in the breast, or any other part of the body that may be most agreeable to the parties; this is done without any pain, upon the principle of cupping; and notwithstanding the heroic advantages which are thereby derived, the operations are performed upon the most reasonable terms. He has likewise, at the particular request of a certain King's Bench matrimonial hero, and a most tremendous valiant fighting *parson*, who suffered much in their reputation some years since, by an *ill-conducted sham duel*, in the *Adelphi*, devised an easy and infallible expedient, in which, by the assistance of blood-bladders, (as taken from the stratagem at the wedding of Camacho) it will be impossible for suspicion to glance at the courage of the performers. He has also engaged two eminent surgeons, well skilled and practised in the treatment of all pinkings made in that way, men of profound secrecy and judgment, and in whom no patient was ever disappointed.

Le Mynheer assures all high-mettled sparks, that by these methods of duelling, he hath conferred fame, reputation, honour, and bravery, on many illustrious and noble families in whom cowardice descends as regularly as rank and fortune, and among whom he enjoys all the advantages of confidence and liberality.

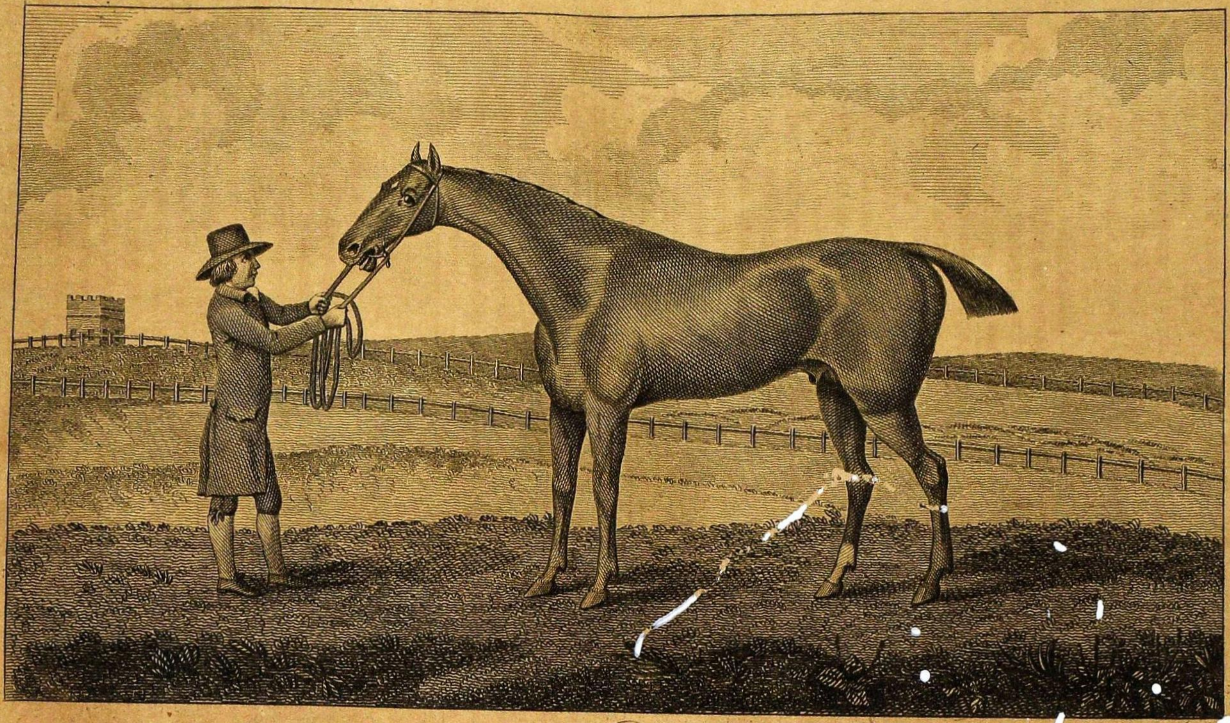
As this art is entirely of his own invention, and so obviously useful in society, he humbly hopes no person will presume to build upon his hint, until he can monopolize his scheme by a patent; and that two certain gentlemen who hold similar situations under government, and have so often experienced the consequence of *real fighting*, will pay such deference to original ingenuity as will secure to the inventor the just emoluments of his project.

Mynheer Van Clottinger is a tall, slender, thin-visaged man, of a swarthy aqueline countenance; wears a fierce cocked hat, a green cockade, bears a commission in the blue and buff *corps*; and attends daily from 6 in the morning to 9, (in fair weather) in Hyde Park.

N. B. He has several short sentences ready penned, easily remembered, and very proper for introducing quarrels. Also, a great variety of challenges, answers, objections, pleas, demurrers, evasions, and quibbles, compiled in *Ireland*, highly proper for all *amateurs* in the *noble science* of *Duelling*.

THE FORCE OF NATURE, OR, THE SAD EFFECTS OF GAMING TO EXCESS.

AN elderly French lady, retired to her country seat, had only one child, a son, who was a handsome young man, very much addicted to gaming, and had lost, at *one sitting*, no less than 40,000l. Destitute, at length, of other means to live, he associated with a company of strolling comedians, who, as it happened, passed a short time at Worcester, near which town was the old lady's residence. After sustaining a few characters, the young actor was discovered, and the circumstance imparted to the mother. Though highly



WAXEY by Pot,80's

[hi]ghly displeased with her son, she could not resist a wish to see him, and for this purpose went *incog.* to the theatre. The Gamester was the play, and the young man supported the principal character. During the recital of those passages which bore a resemblance to her son's bad conduct, the picture worked so forcibly on her feelings, that she exclaimed aloud "Aye, there he is!—the beggar! —the scoundrel!—always the same!—No changeling." The delusion grew so strong in the fifth act, where Beverley lifts up his hand to kill the child, that the old lady, in a tone of voice the most distressing, cried out "Wretch that thou art, don't kill the child;—I will take it home with me!"

Earl POMFRET and Vicount FALKLAND.

THE misunderstanding between these noble Lords, arose at the Shakespeare Tavern, in Covent Garden, a few days ago, after passing the day there, together with Capt. Bouchier, at a dinner which Lord Falkland had lost to Capt. B. On the bill being called for, Lord F. asked Capt. B. to lend him two guineas till next morning, to complete the payment, which came to ten. On this, Earl Pomfret is said to have spoken to Capt. Bourchier, loud enough for Lord F. to hear him, "Don't lend it him, for he'll never pay you!" A remonstrance naturally succeeded, when Earl P. so far from retracting, added some other terms of offence; on which Lord F. struck him, and *caned* him, as report says, all the way down stairs; Several days passed before any farther notice was taken of this; when Earl P. is said to have apologized for the words he spoke, to Lord F's friend, Capt. Bowerman, and the matter was supposed to be dropped; but soon after, the Earl of Winchelsea waited upon Lord F. and said "as Earl P. his relation, had made Lord F. an apology for the words he had indiscreetly spoken, the Earl trusted that Lord F. would have no objection to make an apology also, on his part, for the blows which had passed!" to this, however, Lord F. objected. On that night, therefore, a Mr. Dennis attended Lord F. with a message from Earl P. stating, "that his Lordship retracted his apology, and expected Lord F. to give him an immediate meeting." The next morning was fixed upon for their rendezvous at Wimbledon Common, where the parties no sooner met, than they were apprehended by the Peace Officers, and bound over in sureties of 800l. each, to keep the peace; since this, no other step has been taken in this business, except that of Lord Falkland offering to attend Earl Pomfret to Hamburgh, which was declined.

Waxey.

IN the present Number we have given the portraiture of Waxey, the property of Sir Ferdinando Poole, Bart. but from an unavoidable accident, are compelled to defer the particulars and pedigree of this horse until next month. The engraving is from a drawing by Mr. Sartorius, and which we have no doubt will be admired, as much for its neatness, as for the truth of representation it so evidently displays.

To

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine,

GENTLEMEN,

IN your Magazine of March laſt, you have ſtated the invention of the coatlet or half coat to have originated with Lord Charles Spencer.—I have no doubt but that his lordſhip might have been the occaſion of its becoming a faſhion, but the origin of it is of as long ſtanding as from the reign of Henry VIII. and about the year 1520; being an invention of the then Duke of Buckingham, who was beheaded in 1522. Vide Boſwell's antiquities, vol. I. under title Thornbury Caſtle.

"The Duke of Buckingham was one of the greateſt and moſt powerful ſubjects that ever lived in England, he could not therefore look on the ſtate that Cardinal Woolſey aſſumed without indignation againſt his pride. Some hiſtorians ſay the duke publickly affronted him, by reminding him of his low extraction, as being the ſon of a Butcher. Others attribute his fall to the effect of a ridiculous quarrel he had with the Cardinal, on the following occaſion. The duke, one day after dinner, according to the accuſtomed ceremonial, being on his knees holding a baſon of water to the king, who had juſt finiſhed waſhing, and turned away, the Cardinal, before the Duke could alter his poſture, ſportingly dipped in his hand, which ſo offended the haughty Buckingham, that riſing in a rage, he threw the water into Wolſey's ſhoes. The Cardinal in his turn being greatly incenſed, threatened that he would ſit on his ſkirts.—On the morrow the duke came to court without ſkirts to his doublet! the King demanded the reaſon thereof, Buckingham related the Cardinal's menace, ſaying he had taken this method to prevent his putting it in execution."

If you think the above worth inſertion in your Magazine, you are at liberty to publiſh it.

I am, &c.

B—l—m, W. H.

June 23, 1795.

BOXING.

ON Monday, June 22, the fight between Hooper and Wood took place, not at Colnbrook, as was at firſt reported, but upon Hounſlow Heath, near the Powder Mills. The combatants ſet-to, about two o'clock, upon an eighteen feet ſtage. The conteſt laſted forty-eight minutes, during which it was agreed there was as much hard fighting as was ever remembered by the oldeſt amateurs of the ſcience. The ſhifting of the bets experienced an unprecedented variety The Duke of Hamilton, Colonel Hamilton, and ſeveral other faſhionable pugiliſts attended. Hooper was finally the conqueror in conſequence of his giving his antagoniſt a blow under the ear, which he never recovered though he held up during the laſt three rounds.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MONDAY June 8, the houſe in a Committee of Supply, a reſolution was moved to grant 1500l. to the Veterinary College, and agreed to after a ſlight oppoſition from Mr. Powys. Thus is this inſtitution reſcued from oblivion, to which it had nearly been conſigned, owing to a failure of patronage, but which now may be expected to flouriſh, to the honour of the country, the Veterinary art, and its firſt promoters.

A TREA-

A TREATISE *on* FARRIERY, *with* ANATOMICAL PLATES.

[*Continued from Page* 73.]

Of the DISEASES *of* HORSES, *and their* CURE.

Of the Apoplexy.

WHEN a horſe has an apoplexy, he falls down ſuddenly, without ſenſe and motion, except a working of his flanks.

This may be cauſed by any thing that compreſſes the veſſels of the brain by too great a quantity of blood, when the horſe is fed plentifully with little exerciſe; by being very much overheated, ſo as to expand the blood and render all the veſſels turgid; by any fluid ſhed outwardly on the membranes of the brain, from blows on the head, or falls; by blood or ſerum poured into the brain itſelf, and by its preſſure hurting the origin of the nerves, which is the moſt common cauſe of the apoplexy, and may be either blood or ſerum. This, laſt moſt frequently happens to horſes that have poor watery blood.

There are three degrees of an apoplexy; the firſt is when the blood is forced up into the head by any cauſe whatever, and diſtends the veſſels of the brain, ſo as to hinder the free circulation of the blood through it. By this means the horſe's ſenſes may be impaired for a ſhort time, but as the ſtoppage goes off, he gradually comes to himſelf. The ſecond degree is when the ſtagnation continues ſo long as to let the ſerum ooze through the veſſels, which falling upon the ſide of the oblong, or ſpinal marrow, cauſes a palſey. The higheſt degree is when the veſſels of the pia mater burſt, and let the blood fall to the baſis of the brain. This is generally mortal.

The ſigns which precede an apoplexy, are dulneſs, drowſineſs, weak, watery, and turgid eyes, feebleneſs, a diſpoſition to reel, a bad appetite, hanging down his head, and reſting it in the manger. When it is cauſed by ſerum in the brain, he has a diſpoſition to rear up, and is apt to fall back when handled about the head. Young horſes are moſt ſubject to this kind, and with proper care may get over it. When the veſſels on the inſide of the brain are burſt by blows or wounds, the horſe will be frantic by fits, and ſtart and fly when any thing comes near him. Something like this may happen from an induration of the membranes of the brain, and then the cure is deſperate. When horſes fall down ſuddenly, with a violent working of their flanks, without power to riſe again, they ſeldom or never recover.

When this laſt happens to be the caſe, the only poſſible cure conſiſts in plentiful bleeding, and therefore ſeveral veins ſhould be ſtruck immediately, one after another, in different parts of the body. His head and ſhoulders ſhould likewiſe be raiſed, with ſtraw put under them. If he ſurvives the fit, ſeveral rowels ſhould be cut, to drain off the humours as much as poſſible.

When the apoplexy happens only from the ſtoppage of the circulation of the blood in the brain, by the diſtenſion of the veſſels from plenty of blood therein, then bleeding will prove a certain cure, even though he ſhould reel and ſtagger, and ſometimes fall down ſuddenly. After plentiful bleeding, his body ſhould be kept open with ſcalded bran, and the uſual quantity

of hay ſhould be leſſened. The next day you may give him an aloetic purge, which may be repeated twice more at proper diſtances.

Take of the beſt ſuccotrine aloes an ounce; of the powder of jalap two drams; of cinnabar of antimony half an ounce; of the oil of anniſeed thirty drops: make them into a ball, with a ſufficient quautity of ſolutive ſyrup of roſes.

I have added the oil of anniſeed to this purge, becauſe it is ſuitable to his diſtemper. On the days free from purging give him the following nervous ball early in the morning.

Take anniſeeds, carraway ſeeds, wild valerian root, lavender flowers, roots of piony, miſletoe, of each two ounces; of cinnabar, of antimony an ounce; of Virginian ſnake root half an ounce; of ſaffron two drams; of oil of anniſeed half an ounce. After theſe ingredients are reduced to a fine powder, mix in the oil, and make them into a maſs for balls, with honey or melaſſes. A ball of the ſize of a pullet's egg is a doſe.

When the horſe has been purged ſufficiently, the ball may be changed for half an ounce of cinnabar of antimony, and half an ounce of gum guaiacum united together with melaſſes, which may be given him every morning for three weeks longer. This, by thinning the blood, and fitting it for circulation, may prevent a relapſe.

Sometimes, as I obſerved before, a horſe's blood may be ſo rarified and expanded by violent exerciſe and hard riding, ſo as to cauſe a temporary plethora, and will diſtend the veſſels of the brain, ſo as to impede the circulation of the blood there, hence the origin of the nerves will be compreſſed, and the influx of the animal ſpirits into the nerves prevented, and conſequently an inability of motion muſt enſue. Therefore it is no wonder that a horſe ſo harraſſed ſhould ſometimes drop down ſuddenly, as though in a real apoplexy, eſpecially upon any ſudden ſtop. This happens more frequently in very hot weather, than at any other time, becauſe that greatly promotes the rarification of the blood and humours. Bleeding in this caſe will ſoon bring him to himſelf, unleſs the violence of the ſhock, occaſioned by the fall, has burſt the fine veſſels in the brain, and then there can be no hopes of his recovery.

OF THE STAGGERS, OR THE PRIMARY AND SYMPATHETIC VERTIGO.

ALL diſtempers of a horſe which cauſe him to reel, ſtagger, or fall down, are, by ſome, one or other called the ſtaggers. Thus, the apoplexy, and the epilepſy or the falling ſickneſs, frequently go by that name. It is a great misfortune that we are not able to diſtinguiſh ſome diſeaſes of the head from others, becauſe we can judge of them only by ſome remarkable ſymptoms. Thus, when a horſe ſtaggers, and falls down ſuddenly, and afterwards recovers and gets up, it may either be cauſed by a ſlight apoplexy and epilepſy, or a primary vertigo, which laſt is likewiſe a diſeaſe of the head.

It is remarkable, that almoſt all diſeaſes of the brain are attended with coſtiveneſs, as well as the ſympathetic vertigo: but it is not a cauſe, as ſome imagine, but a ſymptom of this diſeaſe. The cauſe of the ſympathetic vertigo lies in the ſtomach and

and first passages, which are affected with spasms or convulsive motions, which produce all the symptoms of the staggers. For when the stomach or parts adjacent are constricted, they force the vital fluids to the head, where they stagnate among the vessels of the choroide plexus of the ventricles of the brain, and produce a vertigo. In this case, the stomach and first passages are loaded with depraved humours, which generate wind, and hinder digestion. Hence the bile or gall becomes vitiated, and cannot sufficiently stimulate the intestines, to discharge their contents. This being the case, it is no wonder there should be an obstinate costiveness. This disease may likewise proceed from worms, which by gnawing the intestines, irritate them to convulsive motions.

The primary vertigo is likewise caused by a stagnation of the blood in the carotid arteries, and the vessels of the brain which constitute the choroide plexus. Hence horses that are full of blood and humours are most subject to this disease, especially when they are high fed with little or no exercise. This may be likewise owing to the serum of the blood when it is accumulated in the blood vessels of the brain; and therefore horses that have poor watery blood may be afflicted by this distemper. Likewise violent blows on the head may produce either a stagnation or an extravasation of the blood and humours, whence a more lasting and troublesome vertigo ensues.

Besides the principal symptoms already mentioned, the horse has a dull look, is weak, with prominent eyes, his mouth is generally stiff, but not quite shut up, as in other cases; he stales but little, and his breath is short on the least motion. But the principal symptoms, as observed before, are costiveness, reeling, and staggering, and, sometimes falling down.

The vertigo, which proceeds from a disorder of the stomach, will cease as soon as it is cleansed. When it is caused by spasms of the lower part of the belly, attended with a weakness of the nerves, it is not so easily cured. But the primary vertigo is more out of the reach of medicines than the other two.

The methods of cure are to discuss the blood and humours stagnated in the head, and to make it circulate freely in the lower parts; as also to strengthen the tone of the nervous system, regard being had to the cause which produces the stagnation.

When the disease is recent, and the body is full of blood and humours, with a strong beating of the heart, you should take away blood freely, and repeat it till the symptoms are mitigated. If the horse is costive, the strait gut should be emptied by a small hand, and then proper clysters should be often injected. They may be made with a decoction of senna, or of mallows and marshmallows, or fat broth; to three pints of either, a pint of linseed oil may be added,, or a pound of brown sugar. They must be injected milk warm, and repeated every day till he dungs freely. When the horse has been long costive, these will bring away large quantities of dung. This done, you may venture, to give him the following laxative drink:

Take lenitive electuary and Epsom salt, of each four ounces; of common treacle two ounces; of ale three pints. Put in the salt

ſalt firſt, which will readily diſſolve without heat; then the ſugar, and laſt of all the electuary. It muſt be given him in the morning upon an empty ſtomach, and will work before night; for Epſom ſalt has a more quick effect than any thing elſe. It muſt be made blood warm, and he muſt have water or warm gruel to drink after it.

It may be repeated three times, allowing two or three days between each, giving him an opening diet and proper exerciſe. When the vertigo proceeds from worms, he muſt be treated as hereafter ſhewn under that title. To ſtrengthen the nerves, he may take the nervous balls mentioned in the laſt ſection.

OF THE EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS.

The epilepſy, as I have juſt obſerved, is, by ſome called the ſtaggers, and not very improperly, becauſe it is attended with the principal ſymptoms of that diſeaſe. It is cauſed by an irregular motion and circulation of the fluids in the veſſels of the brain, and thereby hurting the ſenſes and voluntary motions. This will better be conceived, when we conſider, that the arteries, when they enter the head, are diveſted of their ſtrongeſt coat, retaining only a thin membrane, which is void of all ſenſe and motion, and is diſtributed into the cortical part of the brain and cerebellum, that it may ſupply a ſpirituous lymph to the nerves and nervous parts, neceſſary for ſenſe and motion. The blood that is left paſſes through the veinous ſinuſes to the dura mater, and from thence by the jugular veins back to the heart, which is the fountain of the circulation. The dura mater is of a ſingular ſtructure for it conſiſts of a peculiar apparatus of nervous and muſcular fibres: theſe paſs along partly in right, and partly in oblique lines, becoming more arched and circular about the lateral ſinuſes. The nervo-carnous fibres reach like pillars from one ſide of the three greater ſinuſes to the other, where there are alſo oval cells which enter therein, diſpoſed according to the ſeries of the veins. Theſe fibres not only hinder the blood from dilating the cells too much, but by their ſucceſſive contraction accelerate the progreſs of the blood into the jugular veins. The uſe of the pillars is by their motion to attenuate the thick blood which has loſt its lymph; and the little cells, ſerve inſtead of valves, to prevent the regreſs of the blood into the veins. Hence theſe ſinuſes have a ſyſtole and diaſtole not much unlike the heart.

Beſides this, the dura mater has a tonic, or, rather, elaſtic motion, in the ſame manner as the reſt of the nervo-muſcular coats and membranes of the whole body, which are animated by the animal ſpirits and arterial blood. The dilatory and conſtrictory motion of this membrane, which covers the brain and cerebellum, the ſpinal marrow, and all the nerves of the body, not only promotes the circulation of the blood through the head, but the better ſecretion of the ſpirituous fluid undulated in the nerves. For when this elaſtic membrane is raiſed and expanded by the pulſe of the arteries of the brain, the nervous pipes are rendered more fit to receive the animal ſpirits: becauſe when after its expanſion is increaſed by the appulſe of the arterial blood, brought by the internal

internal and external carotid and the vertebral artery, and the influx of the nervous fluid, it then contracts by its own proper spring, and in some measure compresses the cortical part of the brain, whence an exceeding fine fluid is more conveniently driven into the cortical part of the brain, and into the origin of the nerves. While these several motions are carried on in a due manner, the circulation of the blood through the head will be more regular, and the functions that depend thereon will be rightly performed. But when these motions are impeded, grievous diseases of the head will begin to shew themselves.

These things being premised, it will appear, that when a gross or too great a plenty of blood stagnate within the sinuses of the dura mater, the systaltic motion thereon will be impeded, as well as the regress of the blood to the heart. Hence too great a quantity of blood will be caried thereto by the arteries, and so conjested as to hinder the hindrance of the fine subtile, spirituous fluid; instead of which they will be filled with more gross elastic particles of an expansive nature, which will disturb the senses and motions, and pass into the fine tubes of the brain and nerves. *(To be continued.)*

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

POST-CHAISE MATCH.

DETERMINED BEFORE LORD KENYON, AT WESTMINSTER-HALL, MAY 18, 1795.

PARTIES, XEMINES PLAINTIFF, JACQUES DEFENDANT.

MR. MINGAY, leading counsel on behalf of the plaintiff, stated to his lordship and the gentlemen of the jury, that this action was brought in consequence of a wager that was laid on board the ship Belvidere, on the 2d of October, 1793, she then being on her ontward bound voyage from this country to India. The longitude aud latitude in which shey were at the time this agreement was entered into had been particularly specified. The plaintiff and defendant were both officers on board the Belvidere, and the ship having run 240 miles in one night, produced a conversation the next day respecting the swiftness of a ship when compared to any other carriage. And this led to the wager, which was, "that the plaintiff betted with the defendant the sum of one hundred guineas, and expences of travelling that within one month after the ship was paid off, after their arrival in England, he would perform a journey of 240 miles in a post chaise and pair of horses in twenty-four hours from the time he sat off till he had performed the same, being allowed to change horses as often as he pleased, play or pay; death only on the side of either of the parties, being allowed to make the bet void; that the expences should not exceed those paid on the post-roads in England, and that the plaintiff should be obliged to go 120 miles from Hyde Park Corner, which was the place he was to start from." He said, if he proved the case, he should be entitled to the verdict of the jury. He did not mean to impute any great merit to his client for performing this feat of agility and strength in so short a period: but at the same time he should prove that he clearly won it, and therefore was justly entitled to it, since it was a legal bet.

Mr.

Mr. Carman said, that betwern the 17th and 18th of January last, the plaintiff set out at Hyde Park Corner, at four minutes past twelve at midnight, and returned about half past nine the same evening. The expences amounted to 16l. 13s. The whole journey was performed by three postillions. The plaintiff performed the journey with horses that had been picked, and which had been preparing for this journey ten days before it commenced. The horses belonged to Mr. Fromont, who lives in Berkshire. The witness could not say that the drivers or proprietors of the horses were to be paid an extraordinary sum. Mr. Fromont went half the bet with Mr. Xemines.

There was one circumstance a little singular in this business, which was. that none of the drivers, who were also examined, had yet received any thing for their, trouble, and two of them said they did not know how much they were to receive. The third said, he heard they were to have 1s. 6s. each stage. In travelling, gentlemen very often gave post-boys half-a-crown, and sometimes a whole crown each stage.

Mr. Garrow as counsel for the defendent, contended, that this wager had not been won fairly, and according to the terms of the agreement. Was it probable that men would go through all this fatigue and inconvenience for the common terms, or that the man who let his horses on the occasion would only expect the common hire. No man in his senses would believe it. On the contrary, he was instructed to say, that the proprietor of the horses had got an hundred guineas, and that the postillions were also very handsomely paid. If so, the terms of the agreement had not been complied with, and therefore he trusted they would find a verdict for the defendant. After a few observations from Lord Kenyon, the gentlemen of the jury, on a litle consideration, found a verdict for the plaintiff for 121l· including travelling expences.

*** *A small publication has lately appeared, compiled from the papers of the late ingenius Author, of the* NATURAL HISTORY *of* SELBORNE, *the title is a* A NATURALIST'S CALENDAR, *with Observations in various Branches of Natural History. We have selected the following Observations on Birds, as most applicable to the subject of our Miscellany, and which will be found both curious and amusing.*

BIRDS IN GENERAL.

IN severe weather, fieldfares, red wings, sky larks, and tit larks resort to watered meadows for food; the latter wades up to its belly in pursuit of the pupæ of insects, and run along upon the floating grass and weeds. Many gnats are on the snow near the water, these support the birds in part.

Birds are much influenced in their choice of food by colour, for though white currants are a much sweeter fruit than red, yet they seldom touch the former till they have devoured every bunch of the latter.

Red-starts, Fly-catchers, and black-caps arrive early in April. If these little delicate beings are birds of passage, (as we have reason to suppose they are, because they are never seen in winter,) how

how could they, feeble as they seem bear up against such storms of snow and rain, and make their way through such meteorous turbulencies, as one should suppose would embarrass and retard the most hardy and resolute of the winged nation? Yet they keep their appointed times and seasons; and in spite of frosts and winds, return to their stations periodically as if they had met with nothing to obstruct them. The withdrawing and appearance of the *short winged* summer birds is a very puzzling circumstance in natural history!

When the boys bring me wasps nests, my bantam fowls fare deliciously, and when the combs are pulled to pieces, devour the young wasps in their maggot state with the highest glee and delight. Any insect-eating bird would do the same; and therefore I have often wondered that the accurate Mr. Ray should call one species of buzzard *buteo apivorus sive vespivorus*, or the *honey buzzard*, because some combs of wasps happened to be found in one of their nests. The combs were conveyed thither doubtles for the sake of the maggots or nymphs, and not for their honey: since none is to be found in the combs of wasps. Birds of prey occasionally feed on insects: thus have I seen a tame kite picking up the female ants full of eggs, with much satisfaction.

ROOKS.

Rooks are continually fighing and pulling each others nests to pieces: these proceedings are inconsistent with living in such close community. And yet if a pair offers to build on a single tree, the nest is plundered and demolished at once. Some rooks roost on their nest trees. The twigs which the rooks drop in building supply the poor with brush-wood to light their fires. Some unhappy pairs are not permitted to finish any nest till the rest have compleated their building. As soon as they get a few sticks together, a party comes and demolishes the whole. As soon as rooks have finished their nests, and before they lay, the cocks begin to feed the hens, who receive their bounty with a fondling, tremulous voice, and fluttering wings, and all the little blandishments that are expressed by the young while in a helpless state This gallant deportment of the males is continued through the whole season of incubation. These birds do not copulate on trees, nor in their nests, but on the ground in open fields.

THRUSHES.

Thrushes during long droughts are of great service in hunting out shell snails, which they pull in pieces for their young, and are thereby very serviceable in gardens.

Missel thrushes do not destroy the fruit in gardens like the other species of *turdi*, but feed on the berries of missletoe, and in the spring on ivy berries which then begin to ripen. In the summer, when their young becomes fledge, they leave neighbourhoods, and retire to sheep walks and wild commons.

The magpies, when they have young, destroy the broods of missel thrushes, though the dams are fierce birds, and fight boldly in defence of their nests. It is probably to avoid such insults, that this species of thrush, though wild at other times, delights to build near houses, and in frequented walks and gardens.

POULTRY.

POULTRY.

Many creatures are endowed with a ready discernment to see what will turn to their own advantage and emolument; and often discover more sagacity than could be expected. Thus my neighbour's poultry watch for waggons loaded with wheat, and running after them, pick up a number of grains which are shaken from the sheaves by the agitation of the carriages. Thus, when my brother used to take down his gun to shoot sparrows, his cats would run out before him, to be ready to catch up the birds as they fell.

The earnest and early propensity of the gallinæ to roost on high is very observable; and discovers a strong dread impressed on their spirits respecting vermin that may annoy them on the ground during the hours of darkness. Hence, poultry, if left to themselves and not housed, will perch the winter through on yew-trees and fir-trees; and turkies and guinea fowls, heavy as they are, get up into apple-trees: pheasants also in woods sleep on trees to avoid fozes; while pea fowls climb to the tops of the highest trees round their owner's house for security, let the weather be ever so cold or blowing. Partridges, it is true, roost on the ground, not having the faculty of perching; but then the same fear prevails in their minds; for though apprehensions from pole-cats and stoats, they never trust themselves to coverts; but nestle together in the midst of large fields, far removed from hedges and coppices, which they love to haunt in the day, and where at that season they can sculk more secure from the ravages of rapacious birds.

As to ducks and geese, their aukward, splay web feet forbid them to settle on trees; they therefore, in the hours of darkness and danger, betake themselves to their own element, the water, where, amidst large lakes and pools, like ships riding at anchor, they float the whole night long in peace and security.

HEN PARTRIDGE.

A hen partridge came out of a ditch, and ran along shivering with her wings, and crying out, as if wounded and unable to get from us. While the dam acted this distress, the boy who attended me saw her brood, that was small and unable to fly, run for shelter into an old fox-earth under the bank. So wonderful a power is instinct!

A HYBRID PHEASANT.

Lord Stawell sent me from the great lodge in the Holt, a curious bird for my inspection. It was found by the spaniels of one of his keepers in a coppice, and shot on the wing. The shape, and air, and habit of the bird, and the scarlet ring round the eyes, agreed well with the appearance of a cock pheasant; but then the head, neck, breast, and belly were of a glossy black: and though it weighed 3lb. $3\frac{1}{2}$oz.* the weight of a large full grown cock pheasant, yet there were no signs of any spurs on the legs, as is usual with all grown cock pheasants, who have long ones. The legs and feet were naked of feathers; and therefore it could be

* Hen pheasants usually weigh only 2lb. 10 oz.

be nothing of the grouse kind. In the tail were no long bending feathers, such as cock pheasants usually have; and are characteristic of the sex. The tail was much shorter than the tail of a hen pheasant, and blunt and square at the end. The back, wing feathers, and tail, were all of a pale russet curiously streaked, somewhat like the upper parts of a hen partridge. I returned it, with my verdict, that it was probably a spurious or hybrid hen bird, bred between a cock pheasant and some domestic fowl. When I came to talk with the keeper who brought it, he told me that some pea hens had been known last summer to haunt the coppices and coverts where this mule was found.

Mr. Elmer, of Farnham, the famous game painter, was employed to take an exact copy of this curious bird*.

Some good judges have imagined this bird to have been a stray grous or black cock; it is, however, to be observed, Mr. W. remarks that its legs and feet were naked, whereas those of the grous are feathered to the toes.

LAND RAIL.

A man brought me a *land rail* or *daker-hen*, a bird so rare in this district, that we seldom see more than one or two in a season, and those only in autumn. This is deemed a bird of passage, by all the writers: yet from its formation seems to be poorly qualified for migration; for its wings are short, and placed so forward, and out of the center of gravity, that it flies in a very heavy and embarrassed manner, with its legs hanging down; and can hardly be sprung a second time, as it runs very fast, and seems to depend more on the swiftness of its feet than on its flying.

When we came to draw it, we found the entrails so soft and tender, that in appearance they might have been dressed like the ropes of a woodcock. The craw or crop was small and lank, containing a mucus; the gizzard thick and strong, and filled with small shell snails, some whole, and many ground to pieces through the attrition which is occasioned by the muscular force and motion of that intestine. We saw no gravel among the food: perhaps the shell snails might perform the functions of gravel or pebbles, and might grind one another. *Land rails* used to abound formerly, I remember, in the low wet bean fields of Christian Malford, in North Wilts, and in the meadows near Paradise Gardens at Oxford, where I have often heard them cry, crex, crex. The bird mentioned above weighed $7\frac{1}{2}$ oz. was fat and tender, and in flavour like the flesh of a woodcock. The liver was very large and delicate.

FOOD OF THE RING DOVE.

One of my neighbours shot a ring-dove on an evening as it was returning from feed and going to roost. When his wife had picked and drawn it, she found its craw stuffed with the most nice and tender tops of turnips. These she washed and boiled, and so sate down to a choice and delicate plate of greees, culled and provided in this extraordinary manner.

Hence we may see that graminoverous birds, when grain fails can subsist on the leaves of vegetables

* For a representation of which we refer our readers to this little work, lately published by Mr. White, Fleet-street.

tables. There is reason to suppose that they would not long be healthy without, for turkies, though corn fed, delight in a variety of plants, such as cabbage, lettuce, endive, &c. And poultry pick much grass; while geese live for months together on commons by grazing alone.

"Nought is useless made:
" On the barren heath
" The shepherd tends his flock that daily crop
" Their verdant dinner from the mossy turf
" Sufficient: after them the cackling goose,
" Close-grazer, finds wherewith to ease her want."

PHILIP'S CYDER.

HEN HARRIER.

Mr. White of Newton sprung a pheasant in a wheat stubble, and shot at it: when, notwithstanding the report of the gun, it was immediately pursued by the blue hawk, known by the name of the hen-harrier, but escaped into some covert. He then sprung a second and a third, in the same field, that got away in the same manner; the hawk hovering round him all the while that he was beating the field, conscious no doubt of the game that lurked in the stubble. Hence we may conclude that this bird of prey was rendered very daring and bold by hunger, and that hawks cannot always seize their game, when they please. We may further observe, that they cannot pounce their quarry on the ground where it might be able to make a stout resistance, since so large a fowl as a pheasant could not but be visible to the piercing eye of a hawk when hovering over a field. Hence that propensity of cowring and squatting till they are almost trod on, which no doubt was intended as a mode of security: though long rendered destructive to the whole race of gallinæ by the invention of nets and guns.

(To be continued.)

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

AGREEABLE to my promise of last month, I again take up my pen in order to contribute some information that may be of use, and afford some instruction to many of your readers who may have occasion to purchase horses, exhibiting the various deceptive practices made use of to entrap the inexperienced purchasers. The club, of which I am now about to give an account, owes its rise to the great and constant influx of dealers at the horse fair in this market. Two or three victuallers, and as many coach-masters having agreed to purchase the *hang-markets* that *lag here*, that is to say, the *bargains* which do not go off; accordingly we find they set apart a sum of money, contributed weekly, for such purposes, and although they have *divided dividends*, and split their shares into many, there is yet a considerable fund, sufficient to purchase the whole fair on any horse day in the field.

Nothing has more truth in it than the old proverb, "that one "half of the world knows not "how the other half lives." Evincible in this society the axiom is as immutable as truth. Here a hostler, who used to measure his oats with the bottom of the peck upwards, and two or three artful farriers who have worked their masters out of their shops, and themselves into the business, manage the concerns of the society, they are constant on market

ket days, and buy up all such horse flesh as the most undiscerning have left behind. They generally meet pretty numerous before evening, were they all appear as sharp as the ware in a cutler's shop. Horse-flesh then becomes the subject of conversation; and blind eyes, spavins, founders, and malenders, are the never-failing topics of discourse. These concomitants of the *goods* they deal in, are interwoven with their discourse in such a manner, that if they digress to something else, yet these, like oil, rise uppermost, and prevail. One, perhaps, has sold an old battered jade, stuffed up with hot grains and marshes, and curried up to the life, in order to take in some ignorant shopkeeper that *wanted a beast* to drag his ware all the week, and himself, with his wife and three children on Sunday up to Islington, to take tea at White Conduit, or Baguigge Wells. Another has bought at Langhorne's an old crippled hunter, in order to accommodate some metropolitical son of spirit on Sunday with a *bit* of *blood*, that he may emerge himself from the sound of Bow bell, and take the recreation of a shilling ordinary; who, setting a boy upon the back, with a sharp look out, has the good fortune to find a customer that wanted to go down into the country at a cheaper rate than the mail carriage. A third has just sold a foundered jade for five shilling more than horse flesh. Thus they go on one among another, boasting how they have each outwitted the worst in deceiving the unwary; every one jockeying the public some way or other, and seldom failing upon their club day to have their *rum* and *queer* scowering the market, and when the rider brings a customer, though the battered hack has as many faults as a minister of state, yet this friendly society are ever so ready to swear one for another, that they will, without the least hesitation, warrant a lame horse to have as sound limbs as any horse that ever ran at Newmarket Heath, and a blind jade to have as good eyes as most of our celebrated coursers. They keep a sharp look out, and when they discover at the window, where they sit on the watch, any likely *flats* hankering about one of the prime *bits* of *blood* a member is immediately dispatched, and to raise the price, takes a wonderful liking to the beast, bids more than the other before his face, in order to *spur him on*, and make him the more attached to his *bargain*; and as certain as he deals with one of these *Smithfield jockies* if he has no judgment of his own, and trusts to their discretion, he may be sure to wish he had been at some other place. These jockies have another method of getting their *goods* or rather *ills* off their hands. It is done thus: one is sent with a horse that must *go off* that week, (fearing the glanders should return) to L-gh-s or to any other repository. On the day of sale, a *genius* bids fairly up to the unknowing purchaser, who, if he stops in time, it is well for him, while the bidder, depositing a guinea, upon an advance of four, which is clearly two more than the creature is worth, absolutely fixes the auctioneer with the beast, who settling immediately with the owner has the beast to keep till he can re sell it; for the first purchaser has forfeited his guinea, and the owner has received the amount it was knocked down for, as Mr. T-tt-r-ll, and many other professional gentlemen have expe-

rienced, and are liable to do every day. Their evening is ſpent in chattering one with another, and ſwaggering about their cunning, *great luck*, and what *dulcimers* have been *dupes* to them in the courſe of this their honourable practice.

Ben. Lara *and the* Lottery Tickets.

THE KING *v.* LARA.

Mr. Knowles opened the pleadings. The indictment ſtated, that John Spicer, a Stock Broker, being in poſſeſſion of receipts of the Governor and Co. of the Bank of England, for Lottery Tickets to the amount of 2,157l. 10s the defendant pretended he wanted to purchaſe them, and to complete his purchaſe. The indictment then ſtated that he unlawfully made a falſe order for the payment of them, on Ladbroke and Co. bankers, ſtating that he had money there, and that his draft would be paid.

To this indictment the defendant plead—Not Guilty.

Mr. Erſkine, leading counſel for the crown, told the court and jury, that this was a caſe in which the greaſt abilities (and he was certain the defendant could not have greater abilities employed for him) could not be of the leaſt avail. The jury, and every man preſent, would agree with him in thinking, that to prevent this ſpecies of fraud was of the utmoſt importance to the public. Lotteries for many years paſt had been annual. They were now an ordinary mode of ſupplying the exigencies of the ſtate, and therefore it was obviouſly of the greateſt importance that they ſhould be carried on without fraud. It was ſo much the practice in the city not to give money, but a check on their banker, that this was conſtantly regarded in the ſame light as caſh. And if frauds of this ſort were to prevail, they would ruin and deſtroy all that good faith and mutual confidence, which were indiſpenſably neceſſary in all mercantile tranſactions. Mr. Spicer, the proſecutor, being poſſeſſed of 250 Bank Certificates for Lottery Tickets, amounting in value to 2157l. 10s. delivered them to the defendant Lara, who was to have paid for them in ready money.—And in order to do that, he drew the following bill on Ladbroke and Co. bankers.

"London, Sept. 30, 1794.
Meſſrs. Ladbroke, and Co.
£2157l. 10s.

Pay Mr. J. Spicer, or Bearer, the ſum of two thouſand one hundred and fifty ſeven pounds, ten ſhillings, value received.

"BENJAMIN LARA."

When Mr. Spicer carried this draft to Ladbroke and Co. he was told they knew nothing of Mr. Lara, and that he had never opened an account with them. No ſooner had Lara poſſeſſed himſelf of theſe certificates for lottery tickets, than he borrowed of Mr. Edward Weſt the ſum of 2550l. which he promiſed to repay on the 13th of October, and in the mean time delivered him theſe certificates as a ſecurity. Weſt gave Lara a draft on Meſſrs. Hankey, his bankers, for the money. The moment he received it he went to the bank, for the purpoſe of converting the notes he had received into ſmaller notes, in order that they might be more conveniently changed for caſh. He ran off with all this money, except one 50l. note, which

which he left with his wife, and which ſince had been found in her poſſeſſion.

It would be unneceſſary for him to ſtate the reaſons why Lara had not been able to get out of the country. It was ſufficient to obſerve, that in conſequence of letters found in poſſeſſion of Lara's brother, they found the defendant at No. 16, Charing Croſs, in a two pair of ſtairs room.

The greateſt part of the property was in his poſſeſſion, and was reſtored to the true owner Mr. Spicer.

A great number of witneſſes were called, who fully ſubſtantiated this opening.

Lord Kenyon, in his charge to the jury, ſaid one could not hear this ſtory told, without thinking with a great deal of horror on the immorality of the tranſaction. The guilt of the defendant ſeemed to be clear beyond all controverſy. Guilty.

ON PUGILISM.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

NOtwithſtanding the property of your performance has in ſome meaſure undergone an alteration, I am inclined to believe its merit will ſtill continue, from what its preſent proprietor engages to perform for the entertainment of its readers. You muſt know, gentlemen, I am vain enough to have ſome pretenſions to the polite and elegant acquiſition of pugiliſm; and as it has been obſerved, that *every man has his hobby*, that is mine. I will therefore preſent you with my ſentiments on the ſubject of pugiliſm, cultivated as it has been, and, indeed, now is, by the higher orders of ſociety, claſſes with the reſt of the *fine arts*, and rates its practitioners with men of *ſcience*; nor have we found gentlemen performers leſs anxious to diſplay their talents in a *boxing duet*, than in a muſical one, or any other refined application of the corporeal and mental powers; nay, ſo partial have they been to the exerciſe, and ſo much more eager to exhibit their abilities in this faſhionable art than any other, that we find them perfectly indifferent as to the quality of the perſon they engage with, and feel as much ſatisfaction with a coal-heaver, or hackney coachman for a partner, as with one of their own rank; ſo that this noble entertainment not only improves perſonal ſtrength and agility, but at the ſame time liberates and expands the mind to a general ſenſe of *natural equality*, and diſcovers to the artiſt, that in ſome inſtances, a *gentleman* is not more than upon a level with a *duſtman*, and that a *baronet* and *potatoe man* may be very good companions. For theſe, and many other reaſons, I am much inclined to encourage this great and noble ſcience, (although at the preſent moment, in common with every thing elſe, it lies a little dormant,) and in the liſt of *Mendozian* practitioners, hope, e'er long, to ſee many noble names added to thoſe of Humphries, Ward, Ryan, Johnſon, Perrins, Big Ben, the Bath butcher, &c. &c.

It is certainly very obvious to every one, that in order to raiſe any great art to perfection, it has always been found neceſſary to place it under royal, or public patronage, and that by regular ſeminaries, and periodical rewards many a latent genius is ſtimulated to

to action, whose powers without some such impulse, would have been for ever consigned to obscurity. Hence so many shining characters in letters and the fine arts; and was boxing cultivated at Oxford and Cambridge, and a Royal Academy instituted in London, for *pugilists*, as well as for *painters*, I cannot hesitate to assert that the pupils of the above great men, would reflect an equal lustre on their country, with any other great men whatever; therefore it is, that I am sorry to see the pugilistic art practised and studied in the low and desultory manner, which has been, and is now adopted; and cannot commend the great *chief Mendoza*, in terms of sufficient praise, for the plan which he adopted, of establishing an academy at the *Lyceum*, which I should have been very happy to have seen followed by the ornament of a similar seminary in every principal street in the metropolis; and that instead of the irregular mode of pitched battles now in use, it will settle into diurnal, hebdomadal, or monthly exhibitions; of which desirable circumstance, I must confess I conceived a near prospect, a few seasons since, when the *taste* and *judgment* of Mr. Harris introduced Messrs. Humphries and Co. on the stage of Covent Garden Theatre; and could not but entertain considerable hopes that the *good sense* of the Drury Lane Manager would have followed so dramatic and classical an example. However, we find since that period it still enjoyed the support of stage recommendation at the Royal Circus, which will, I hope, be shortly *re-assumed* at Covent Garden, and no real genius of the fist be in want of an opportunity to display his pretensions to public favour. Then science will begin to rear her head still higher; the natural magnanimity of Britons will be improved; haberdashers and men milliners will be able to defend themselves against any insult they may by chance receive from a *female customer*; and even the *city train bands* assume *courage* before unknown to them; then may they say with some degree of propriety

"Twenty more kill them too."

All these, and many other good and wholesome effects will result from the encouragement of the *cuffing art*, wherefore I hope to see it in better estimation than it now stands; to behold it in universal practice, and general esteem; to see professional men of the *pocket* better provided for, by more frequent exhibitions of this kind in the street, and, at least, every other man I meet, may wear not the *sanguinary cap of liberty*, nor the *national tri-coloured* cockade, but have the honour of a black-eye, a dislocated jaw, or broken teeth. Such gentlemen is my sentiments on the science of pugilism, and believe me, when I assure you it is my sincere wish that it may rapidly increase with the still rising reputation of your ingenious and entertaining performance, and remain your well wisher and subscriber,

A KNIGHT OF THE FIST.

SHAKING *the* SHALLOW.

A Law Case, Tried before LORD KENYON, *Trinity Term*, 1795.

REID *v.* MADEN.

THE Plaintiff keeps the Red Lyon, in the neighbourhood of Smithfield. The defendant is a tradesman,

a tradeſman, one of his neighbours. This action was brought to recover 19l. which the plaintiff had lent to the defendant.

Mr. Garrow, on the part of the defendant ſuggeſted that this money had been loſt at play by his client.

The ſervant of the plaintiff ſaid, that about 20 perſons aſſembled at her maſter's about ten o'clock in the morning; that they went into the back parlour to play at *Shaking in the Shallow*; that in the ſpace of four or five hours the defendant borrowed of her miſtreſs 19l. the ſum for which this action was brought. But her miſtreſs did not know for what purpoſe the defendant had borrowed this money.

Mr. Garrow ſaid, it now and then happened that actions of this ſort produced ſome good to the public. It was quite impoſſible that this plaintiff and his wife could be permitted to continue to have a licenſed Public Houſe in the metropolis, or any where elſe. He ſhould certainly never encourage theſe ſort of houſes, where twenty perſons got together by ten o'clock in the morning, and where a common tradeſman loſt, at one ſetting, twenty-nine guineas. This was ſuch an encouragement to immorality, that he was of opinion the plaintiff's recognizances ſhould be put in ſuit, and it deſerved a little conſideration whether his licence ſhould be continued. The miſtreſs of this houſe, as he ſhould prove, came into the room where theſe people were playing, and took her poundage. She received one guinea. She ſaid it ſhould have been a ſhilling in the pound on all money loſt, but that a guinea would do.

John Bates was next called, on the part of the plaintiff. He ſaid he was preſent while this play was going forward, but was not engaged in it. It was played by two perſons, though any number might bet. He heard the defendant aſking Mrs. Reid for money, and ſhe ſaid ſhe had not a guinea in the houſe. The defendant loſt 29l. that night. During the play the miſtreſs came into the room ſeveral times, and when the game was ended received her poundage for the uſe of the parlour. She furniſhed an ironing cloth to put on the table to prevent the rattling of the gold, which might have been heard by the people in the taproom.

On croſs examination the witneſs ſaid, he was an iron-cheſt maker, that he never opened any cheſts except when he was ſent for by the people who had loſt their keys, and then he uſed a pick-lock key. He had never been introduced to the Recorder of London; he had never taken out a patent at the Old Bailey for making iron cheſts. He admitted that he had been once tried at the Old Bailey for an aſſault, committed on the highway—that is, for a highway robbery, but had been moſt honourably acquitted. He denied that he had got his hair powdered to prove an *Alibi*.

Mr. Erſkine, in his reply, obſerved, that no man ſhould be more ſatisfied than he, that his client ſhould be ſeverely dealt with, and that his recognizances ſhould be put in ſuit, if he had done any thing deſerving it; but the plaintiff had been in no reſpect concerned in this buſineſs. The plaintiff's money had been lent by the wife. And there was an inſtance not very long ago, where the wife lent her huſband's money to inſure in the lottery, and

and where the husband recovered it back again.

Lord Kenyon observed that this case was a little different. The statute said, that money lent at the time and place of pay, could not be recovered; and the statutes against gaming, in a variety of cases, affected persons who were innocent. For instance, suppose a note given as a security for the payment of money won at unlawful gaming, got into the hands of an innocent person, it was null and void.

After the noble and learned judge had summed up the jury, they found a verdict for the defendant.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

AS guttling is what we may fairly call sporting with the appetite, perhaps the following may not be deemed altogether foreign to your plan. Observing in the last number of your pleasing publication the outrageous and highly *unconstitutional* attack made on the *inherent rights* and *privileges* of our worthy corporation by one of its members, who had the *presumption*, a short time since, to bring forward a motion to do away the *civic recreations* for one year, and to appropriate the money which would thereby be saved, towards the relief of the poor, as some alleviation in their present calamities. The following circumstance occurred, which took place a few months since, and which appears to have operated as a secondary inducement to our *philanthropic fellow citizen* to bring forward such a motion.

Mr. Deputy—— had dined with the Cordwainers company, and in the evening came home to his lady very ill with an asthma. The good woman sent instantly for Doctor L——, and Dr. came. "I am sorry Mr. Deputy, to understand that you are suddenly afflicted with a coagulation in the lungs.—Let me feel your pulse. —Aye in a high fever, as I apprehended.——Shew me your tongue.—Aye as white as a curd. —Open your mouth wider, Mr. Deputy,—wider still.—Good heavens, what do I see here?"—— "Oh, my stars!" bellowed the deputy's lady, "what do you see, tell me dear doctor, tell me, or I shall instantly expire."—— "Why, madam," replied the doctor, "I see a *leg of a turkey*, and *oyster sauce*!!!

I am, Gentlemen,

June 4, 1795. Yours, &c.

Mutton Hill. DEPUTY GOBBLE.

THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT.

COVENT GARDEN, JUNE 6.

THE SECRET TRIBUNAL:

THE popular German work, *Hermann* of *Unna*, has furnished the ground of a new Tragedy under this title. It is avowedly from the pen of Mr. BOADEN, the author of *Fontainville Forest*, and some other dramatic productions.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke	Mr. Macready.
Ratibore	Mr. Pope.
Hermann	Mr. Holman.
Ulric	Mr. Middleton.
Holstein	Mr. Harley.
Ellen	Miss Morris.
Ida	Miss Wallis.

The ambition of Ratibore leads him to send his emissaries to intercept

tercept and aſſaſſinate his brother, the duke, when on his return from the camp; and to poiſon his wife the ducheſs. The former attempt fails. The duke eſcapes, but is ſeverely wounded; and Herman, his nephew, encountering the aſſaſſin, changes ſwords in the ſcuffle, and being found with the bloody weapon in his poſſeſſion, is ſuſpected of the crime. Hermana is in love with Ida, who was about the perſon of the ducheſs, and on her malignity of Ratibore attempts to fix the charge of poiſoning her miſtreſs.

Ratibore is at the head of the Secret Tribunal, whoſe dark and myſterious proceedings were the terror of Germany in the 15th century. He frames an order, as from the judges of that court, for the death of Hermann, which he propoſes to give to Ulric, but gives him by miſtake a letter from the phyſician whom he had engaged to poiſon the ducheſs.—Ida is brought before the Secret Tribunal, and is about to be condemned, when Hermann appears and produces the letter, which fixes the guilt on Ratibore; the bloody ſword he ſhews, alſo belonging to an officer in the regiment of his proſecutor. Ratibore confeſſes his guilt, and the lovers are acquitted of courſe, and made happy in each other.

This ſtory has been dramatized by Mr. Boaden with conſiderable ſkill, and the intereſt in the three laſt acts is well preſerved. The language is in general poetical and characteriſtic, though in ſome parts it is overſtrained, and in others borders on the familiar.

Such, for inſtance, is the mention of groans which come "humming on the ear." Conſidered as an whole, the Secret Tribunal does honour to the taſte and talents of the author. The proceedings of the Tribunal, and the manner of its dark agency, are well pourtrayed. The two firſt acts require ſome abridgement to accelerate the action.

It was well ſupported in all its parts, and particularly by Mr. Pope, Mr. Holman, and Miſs Wallis. The Epilogue of the latter, abating ſomething of the Farren manner, was well delivered.

The Two Knaves.

From the Comedy of the Deserted Daughter, *(for an account of this Comedy, and to render the ſcenes perfectly intelligible, ſee our laſt* Magazine, *page* 87.)

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

THE HOUSE OF MORDENT.

Item enraged and Grime determined.

Grime.

ONCE for all, Mr. Item, it will not do! So be of a ſweet temper.

Item. Why you grumbling old blockhead, what would you have? may you not thank me for every ſhilling you are worth in the world?

Grime. Don't tell me, Mr. Item! I am but your ſcavenger, and you put me to a deal of dirty work

Item. Here's ingratitude! Why Mr. Grime!

Grime. Well, Mr. Item!

Item. Did not I firſt find you in a miſerable garret, in Fullwood's Rents, where you were ſtarving in rags and wretchedneſs?

Grime. Well!

Item. Did I not take you to Monmouth-ſtreet, make you caſt your

your beggar's skin, transform you into something almost human, hire you apartments in the Temple, and pass you on my master for a rich usurer, a damned rogue?

Grime. Very true. But you would not let me act my part! You took care to be the damned rogue yourself!

Item. Have I not trusted you, tutored you, taught you your trade, and furnished the tools?

Grime. What then?

Item. And do you pretend to bargain, wrangle, and prescribe terms to me?

Grime. Yes: I do.

Item. You do?

Grime. I do. Help yourself how you can.

Item. Here's a villain!

Grime. You tutored me, you know; you taught me my trade, and furnished the tools.

Item. You viper! Sting the bosomed that fostered you?

Grime. I follow your own example; Mr. Mordent fostered you? There's morality in it.

Item. Oh, damn your morality!

Grime. Be of a sweet temper! Time was I was your slave; you are now mine.

Item. Oh, the rascal!

Grime. I am too deep in your secrets for you to dare discard me; so, I'll have my share.

Item. Your ——?

Grime. Ay, *my!*——My full share. So be sweet tempered.

Item. And who is to find the money?

Grime. You.

Item. And who is to run the risk?

Grime. You.

Item. And who is to be prosecuted for usury and collusion.

Grime. Cast, perhaps, for perjury, whipped, imprisoned, and put in the pillory—You.

Item. And you to run away with half the profits?

Grime. Yes.

Item. Here's justice! Oh! what a damned world do we live in!

Grime. Your fortune is made; you must now help to make mine.

SCENE II.

ENTER DONALD UNPERCEIVED.

Item. Here's a villain!

Grime. You must, or I tell.

Item. What will you tell?

Grime. All!—All the usurious tricks you have practised on Mordent: the arts by which you have cheated him of his estates, pretending that I am the man; your intention to foreclose; your neglect in not paying yourself interest, purposely to rob according to law; your plots to ruin Cheveril; all, all!

Item. You will tell all this?

Grime. I will.

Item. Why you fiend! You superlative villain! You cut-throat!

Grime. *(Seeing Donald)* Hem! [*Pause.*

Don. What the hornie de'el do you stop at? What gars ye swither? I'ze haud my wisht? Yeer confabulation is unco entertaining.

Item. Ah! good Mr. Donald! Here is my old friend, Mr. Grime has, has—*(Aside to Grime)* [You see what your villainy has done!] *(Aloud.)* He is a good natured soul as you know, [Scoundrel.] and he—I—I—

Don. Ye!—Yas; ye'er a sweet nut, gin ye war well crackt.

Item. I, I, I was bantering him: trying to, to—[Villain!] but

but nothing can put him in a passion; [Oh, curse you!] Nothing!

Don. The fient! Wow! But ye'er a pauky Gilligapus!

Item. Perhaps you want our good master, Mr. Donald?

Don. Aiblins yeer right, auld Clootie.

Item. He is gone out. Nothing but a joke, Mr. Donald: nothing else.

Don. (*Clenching his fist*) Noo could I gi' him sic an a gowf o' the haffet!

Item. Can I, can I my dear friend, Mr. Grime [Oh, you thief!] do you any service?

Don. Haud yeer blether, mon!

Item. Can we oblige you any way in the world?

Don. Yas.

Item. (*Fawning*) How? Ho?

Don. Tak compaission o' the booels o' yeer brother, Jack Ketch, and be yeer ain hangman?

SCENE III.

ITEM AND GRIME.

Item. There villain! You see what you have done!

Grime. Is it my fault? I tell you again, you had better be sweet tempered. I shall say no more: you know my mind.

(*Going.*)

Item. (*Aside*) Oh, that I could poison him! (*Aloud.*) Mr. Grime Mr. Grime.

Grime. Well, Mr. Item?

Item. This quarreling is very foolish.

Grime. Oh, ho!

Item. We are necessary to each other.

Grime. I know it.

Item. Your hand?

Grime. There.

Item. We are friends?

Grime. If you please.

Item. Well, well—(*Aside.*) Damn him! how I hate the dog! Concerning this Berkshire Mortgate——

Grime. Ay?

Item. You shal have twenty per cent on the premium.

Grime. That won't do?

Item. Thirty.

Grime. That won't do! half, the full half!

Item. (*Aside*) Hell take him! Well, well, my dear Grime, the half be it.

Grime. Together with my moiety of the thousand, given with Johanna.

Item. Your—? Hem! (*Sighs*) You shall; you shall. Are you satisfied?

Grime. On these conditions.

Item. Where is the deed?

Grime. In that bag.

Item. Mordent is coming. I know he will, for I know he shall sign. But that is not all.

Grime. What more?

Item. This damned Scotchman will assuredly betray us to him; and Lady Anne's jointure prevents his being so entirely destitute, and powerless, as is necessary.

Grime. But how is that to be helped?

Item. Easily enough. You must convey information to her father and relations, that he has a daughter.

Grime. Nay, but——

Item. Hush! Here he comes! I will give you my reasons and instructions when we are alone. Where is the deed?

Grime. Here, ready, Hem!

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine,

GENTLEMEN,

IN your laſt Number you mention worming of dogs, but I can prove that it is of no effect; nor is ſalt water immerſion infallible, however it may not be improper to practiſe both.

Ten years ſince I poſſeſſed a very fine dog of the Warwick-Caſtle breed, and when a puppy, wormed him effectually. One morning I found him chained up; my coachman told me he feared he might have been bitten by a mad dog, as one had been through the adjoining village, and ſuſpected this dog had been there all night, finding him returning from thence in the morning; but not finding any wounds I releaſed him. In four days afterwards he went into one of the ſtables, fixed on a ſtrong portmanteau-horſe by the noſe, and it was with difficulty two men could force him from his hold; the next morning he died raving mad; ſo that the extirpation of that ſmall fibre, called the worm, is no detriment to the powers of the jaws in madneſs. Being on a viſit near the Severn for a few weeks, I had the horſe on the premiſes, with the two ſervants, (leſt the ſaliva that fled over their faces might meet with any ſcratch to convey the infection,) and they were all dipped, in my ſight, for a whole week, every morning. The horſe attended me in many journies afterwards for upwards of two months, but was taken at graſs with the Hydrophobia, and fell upon a favourite poney, and valuable double horſe of my wife's, whom he bit very much, and at length attacked his own body, which he mangled wherever he could reach, and ſoon died in inexpreſſible torments. Depend, ſir, on theſe as facts.

Fairy Camp, June, 1795. I am, Yours, CAPT. SNUG.

Travels in the Interior Parts of AFRICA, *by the way of the* CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, *in the Years* 1780, 81, 82, 83, 84, *and* 85. *Tranſlated from the French of* M. LE VAILLANT.

FROM this work, which is in two volumes, octavo, we ſhall make a few extracts, ſuch as will doubtleſs pleaſe our readers. M. le Vaillant it is to be obſerved was born at a Dutch ſettlement in the province of Guiana, South America, from whence, at an early period of life, he came to Europe, ſtudied natural hiſtory, and viſited moſt of the cabinets in France, Germany, and Holland. Determining on, and taking a voyage to the Cape, he relates the particulars of his travels during the period as ſtated from the title page above. After giving a deſcription of the Cape of Good Hope, and the cuſtoms and manners of the inhabitants, Mr. V. enters on his travels, from the early part of which we ſhall, for the preſent, content ourſelves with the following:

" To find game one muſt go a great many leagues from the Cape. The moſt common kinds are the ſteenbock, the duyker, the reebock, the gryſbock; the bontebock and all the different ſpecies of antelopes, concerning which I ſhall ſpeak more at length in my deſcription of quadrupeds. Hares, above all, that ſmall ſpecies called the down hare, are found here in great abundance, but they have not the flavour of ours.

" Partridges

"Partridges alſo of different kinds, ſmaller or larger, and more or leſs delicious than thoſe of Europe, are found here; but the quail and the ſnipe do not differ from ours. They are never ſeen here but in their paſſage."

On Mr Vaillant's departure from the Cape, and his arrival at Saladanha Bay, he begins his relation with an account of the Bay, and proceeds till he comes to a very intereſting ſporting adventure, which is as follows:

"Game of all kinds is very abundant in the neighbourhood. The principal are ſmall antelopes, and all thoſe of which I have already ſpoken. Partridges and hares are found here alſo; but the difficulty of continually mounting or deſcending among the ſands with which this place is bordered, renders it a very fatiguing and laborious taſk to purſue them. Panthers are common here, but they are leſs ferocious than thoſe of other parts of Africa; becauſe finding a ready ſupply of food in the game, they are never tormented by hunger.

Some days after my arrival the commander of the ſoldiers ſtationed here, having invited me to go on a hunting party with him, we ſet out next morning. Though we ſaw great plenty of game, we could not catch any thing: but towards evening having accidentally ſeparted, as if fate wiſhed to familiarize me all of a ſudden to thoſe dangers which I had come ſo far in ſearch of, I received, for the firſt time, a leſſon I little expected, and which, I am convinced, would have made more than one brave citizen ſhudder. The ſhots which I had fired here and there having rouſed a ſmall antelope, my dog ſet out to purſue it; and ſtopping at a very large buſh, began to bark, running continually round it. Imagining that the antelope had retired thither, I ran up to it, in hopes of being able to kill it; and my preſence and voice ſeemed to add greatly to the courage of my dog, I every moment expected that the antelope would appear; but impatient at not ſeeing it come forth, I penetrated into the heart of the thicket, beating on every ſide with my muſket, to remove the branches which intercepted my paſſage. But words can hardly expreſs the ſtupor and terror which froze the blood in my veins, when, having reached the centre of the buſh, I ſaw, ſtaring me in the face, a furious and monſtrous panther: its attitude after it perceived me, its flaming eye-balls fixed upon me, its neck ſtretched out, its jaws half extenced, and its hollow roaring, all ſeemed to announce my deſtruction. I indeed already believed that I was devoured; but the cool courage of my dog ſaved my life. By keeping the animal at bay, and making him heſitate between rage and fear, I had leiſure to return ſoftly to the borders of the thicket; whilſt my admirable dog kept cloſe to his maſter, reſolving, no doubt, to periſh along with him. When I had reached plain ground, I made towards the public road as ſoon as poſſible, caſting every now and then a look behind me. Hearing at a diſtance ſeveral reports of a muſket fired, at certain intervals, I concluded that they muſt proceed from my companion, who was looking for me. As it was now night, I had no deſire to rejoin him, and I ſuffered him to fire away at his pleaſure he however arrived, but very late. His ſurpriſe at ſeeing me perfectly ſafe and ſound, was equal

equal to his joy; for he confeſſ'd that, from the manner in which my dog barked, he judged I was engaged with a hyæna, or a tyger, and that, not hearing me return an anſwer when he fired his muſket, he believed that I was torn to pieces. This adventure, which I related to him with all its particulars, made us both laugh heartily; but what he told me reſpecting the courſe I ought to have purſued in this rencontre made me regret much that I did not fire upon the animal. Being as yet a novice in the country of theſe ferocious beaſts, this was the firſt I had ever beheld ſo near, and I was all together ignorant how to proceed with a panther. In this manner did I amuſe my leiſure hours, and prepare myſelf inſenſibly for greater dangers.

(To be continued.)

SUPPLEMENT *to the* FROGMORE SPORTS.

(See our laſt, page 102.*)*

THE preparations for the FROGMORE *fete*, afforded a few *laughable equivoques*, malgre the cunning dexterity of the officious caterer.——The convention of the *Covent Garden Comedians* and *Singers* who came down for nothing, except the honour of paying for their own poſt-chaiſes, and buying their own refreſhments at a Windſor booth, was managed adroitly enough; but their reception was a little awkward and embarraſſing. On their arrival they were ſhewn into a crowded collection of *fire eaters. Handy's tumblers, hurdy-gurdy grinders*, and *Jack-aſs jockey riders!* They had ſcarcely time to expreſs their aſtoniſhment, before two men came in with *pots of paint*; and one of them, addreſſing himſelf to Mr. IN——N, told him to ſtrip! "What do you mean, fellow?—do you know who I am?"—"Why one of the *riders*, to be ſure; ſo ſtrip and be *painted!*" was the unceremonious reply.——"B—ſt your impudence——I a *rider!*——*Munden*, my dear fellow, could I ever *ride?*"——"No," rejoined his friend; "the worſt horſeman I ever remember ſince the days of *Johnny Gilpin!*—And as for myſelf, Gentlemen of the *bruſh*, you need not think of *caricaturing* me: "No," ſays the other painter, "for you are only a *fire eater*, who, in times of *ſcarcity*, like the preſent, carry your own *proviſion* along with you in your *tow*, and *tinder box!*" The real *jockies* were now diſcriminated from the other performers, and but little ſtripping being neceſſary, where ſcarcely one of them had a ſhirt to his back, the operation of *painting* thoſe *ſkins*, which nature had prepared with a fine *olive ground*, was ſoon performed!—But the indignant ſpirit of IN———N was not ſo ſoon appeaſed; for taking his card from his waiſtcoat pocket with his left hand, and his repeater with his right, he walked up to the door-keeper of this *menagerie*, and thus addreſſed him, firſt *ſpitting* off a little of his exuberant *bile*, and preparing for the effects of his ſpeech, by a platoon of harmleſs, but ingenious ſwearing.—"Here, Sir, take my *card* to the K——!—tell him I came twenty miles to make a *fool* of myſelf to amuſe his family; but that my time is as precious as his; and therefore d——— me, if I ſtay any more than ten minutes longer, unleſs the performance begins, for any man in his dominions!"——Fortunately before the *motley Green Room* had time

time to defcant on the *dignity*, and *equity* of this harangue, the found of the bugle horn announced that the *Jack-affes* were mounted, andd ready to ftart! This threw the various performers to their refpective *pofts of honour*, and checked that *infurgent fpirit*, which was evidently rifing through this *felect brigade* of his M——'s *Comic Troops*, and fo powerfully excited by the matchlefs eloquence of a fingle performer.

Extraord'nary SPORTING PERFORMANCES.

1688.

ROBERT Carey, Earl of Monmouth, won two thoufand pounds, in bets, by walking from London to Berwick (339½ miles) in twelve days.

1702, May 29. John Morgan, a Welchman, for a wager of one hundred guineas, undertook to walk from London to the Land's End in Cornwall, and back again, (612 miles) in fourteen days, which he accomplifhed, within nine hours of the time allowed him.

1720, July. A man ran thirty miles in three hours and a half for a confiderable wager, on Knutsford heath in Chefhire.

1725, July 14. A perfon of the name of Miller, for a bet of fifty pounds, walked acrofs the Thames, juft above Putney Bridge, in fight of above 300 perfons. He made his paffage in fixty one minutes, though he ftopt three or four times when he was in the middle of the river. He had on his feet a fort of cork bufkins, and did not fink lower in the water than up to his midleg.

1732. The celebrated beau Nafh had in his fervice a running footman, of the name of Bryan, a native of Ireland, who was remarkable for his fkill and agility in his profeffion, having frequently run from London to Bath in one day.

1738. At the races at Malden in Effex, three horfes (and no more than three) ftarted for a ten pound plate, and they were all three diftanced the firft heat, according to the common rules in horfe-racing, without any quibble or equivocation. The firft run on the infide the poft, the fecond wanted weight, and the third fell and broke a fore-leg.

1747, Auguft. Jonathan Baxter, a waterman, took a bet of twenty pounds to five, that he did not crofs the Thames, in a butcher's tray, from Blackfryars to the oppofite fhore in two hours. Which he performed in one hour and ten minutes. The tray was of the largeft fize, and he ufed his hands as paddles.

1748. One of the London dailey papers of that year, relates that for a wager of 50l. a fellow who lived near the race courfe, at Kildare, in Ireland, devoured five fox cubs, and literally began each while alive! it is however to be obferved that the devourer was a natural fool, having been born deaf, dumb, and without a palate.

1749, Sept. 15. J. Manfer, a labouring man, for a wager of 50l. run from Peterborough to Lincoln, a diftance of fifty miles, in feven hours and a half. He was allowed ten hours to perform it in.

1750, March. A gentleman drove a fingle horfe chaife fifty miles, on the Hertford road for a confiderable wager. He had five hours allowed him, and performed it in four hours and fifty five minutes.

April

April 27. Two perſons ran for a wager from Shoreditch to Enfield, which is ten milns, and the winner performed it in an hour and a minute.

May 21. A man in the Artillery Ground, from Warrington, in Lancaſhire, walked eleven miles in one hour and fifty-five minutes. At the end of every three miles he vaulted over a horſe, and at the end of eleven miles he vaulted acroſs the horſe four times. He was to perform it in two hours.

The ſame day a foot race was run for a prize by four men, in the ſame ground. They were to run one ſix-mile heat, which the winner (a countryman called Carrots) performed in 42 minutes.

June 22. A young man, for a wager of twenty guineas, walked twenty-two miles on the Eſſex road. He was allowed four hours and five minutes to perform it in, and did it within five minutes of the time.

June 28. The noted runner Stephen Morris ran a race of ten miles, in the Artillery Ground, againſt another famous runner called the Uxbridge Boy, which was won by Morris in fifty-eight minutes, diſtancing his competitor only two yards.

July 16, In the Artillery Gıound, S. Marſden, and Wooley Morris (brother to Stephen Morris) ran four miles for two hundred guineas, which was performed within twenty-four minutes, and won by the former by a few feet of ground. There was the greateſt concourſe of people ever known, and the bets ran high on the head of the latter.

July 17. A man upwards of ſixty years of age, for a wager of fifty guineas ran from Shoreditch church to the eight mile ſtone beyond Edmonton, which he performed in fifty minutes, having an hour allowed him to do the ſame.

Auguſt 6. The famous Warrington walker, and vaulter, performed a ſecond exhibition at the Artillery Ground.—He walked fifty miles in ten hours and fifty one minutes, and vaulted over a horſe at the end of every ſix miles. and twice at the concluſion. He had eleven hours to perform it in.

Sept. 1. There was a race at Epſom between Mr. Griſewood's horſe Crop, and a roan horſe of Mr. Harris's. Crop was to go one hundred miles before the roan went eighty; the match was for one hundred guineas. They ſtarted about half paſt ſix in the morning. Crop ran ten times round the courſe, which is twenty miles, in about an hour and a minute, and going round the eleventh time, was almoſt knocked up. The other horſe was alſo ſo tired as not to be able to make even a trot, ſo that they walked the courſe, with their riders on their backs, people going before them with a bowl of oats and a lock of hay to entice them on; and by that time Mr. Harris's horſe had gone eighty miles, Crop had gone ninety-four, ſo that he loſt by ſix miles. Crop was ſold immediately after this race for five guineas to Mr. Skinner, who kept him till he died, which was eight years, during which time he won Mr. Skinner five hundred pounds in different matches.

Sept. 8. Pearſon, a taylor, who was to walk three hundred miles in Tothil Fields, Weſtminſter, in ſix days, finiſhed his journey half an hour within the time allowed him. He won by it three hundred pounds.

Oct.

Oct. 20. A man rode for a considerable wager from the four mile stone on the Essex road to Chelmsford twice, and back again (100 miles.) He had sixteen to do it in, but performed it with apparent ease in fifteen hours and a half.

(To be continued.)

ON HUNTING.

LETTER XXI.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I TOOK my leave of you rather abruptly in my last, conceiving I had written as much as you could conveniently insert in one Number. I now, therefore, proceed in what further information my experience in *fox hunting* has been able to collect, which I hope will be equally satisfactory both to yourselves and your readers.

The conclusion of my last recommended when the halloo is heard, and the huntsman has five or six couple of hounds with him, to get forward with them, there being a certainty that the remainder of the pack will soon join them, let him, therefore, lift his tail hounds, and get them forward *after the rest*; but let him be cautious in lifting any hounds to get them forward *before the rest*; it always is dangerous, and foxes are sometimes lost by it.

When a fox runs his foil in cover, if you suffer all your hounds to hunt on the line of him, they will foil the ground, and tire themselves to little purpose. I have before told you, that your huntsman, at such a time, may stop the tail hounds, and throw them in at head. I am almost inclined to say it is the only time it should be done. Whilst hounds run strait, it cannot be of any use, for they will get on faster with the scent, than they would without it.

When hounds are hunting a cold scent, and point towards a cover, let a whipper-in get forward to the opposite side of it; should the fox break before the hounds reach the cover, stop them and get them nearer to him.

When a fox persists in running in a strong cover, lies down often behind the hounds, and they are slack in hunting him, let the huntsman get into the cover to them: it may make the fox break, it may keep him off his foil, or may prevent the hounds from giving him up.

It is not often that slow huntsmen kill many foxes; they are a check upon their hounds, which seldom kill a fox but with a high scent, when it is out of their power to prevent it. What avails it to be told which way the fox is gone, when he is so far before that you cannot hunt him? A Newmarket boy, with a good understanding and a good voice, might be preferable, perhaps, to an indifferent and slack huntsman; he would press on the hounds, whilst the scent was good, and the foxes he killed he would kill handsomely. A perfect knowledge of the intricacies of hunting is chiefly of use to slow huntsmen, and bad hounds; since they more often stand in need of it. Activity is the first requisite in a huntsman to a pack of fox-hounds; a want of it no judgment can make amends for: while the most difficult of all his undertakings is the distinguishing between different scents, and knowing, with any certainty, the scent of his hunted fox. Much specu-

lation is here required;—the length of time hounds remain at fault;—difference of ground;—change of weather;——all these contribute to increase the difficulty; and require a nicety of judgment, and a precision much above the comprehension of most huntsmen.

When hounds are at fault, and cannot make it out of themselves, let the first cast be quick; the scent is then good, nor are the hounds likely to go over it; as the scent gets worse, the cast should be slower, and be more cautiously made. This is an essential part of hunting, and which I am sorry to say, few huntsmen attend to. I wish they would remember the following rules, viz. that with a good scent their cast should be *quick*; with a bad scent, *slow*:——and that, when their hounds are picking along a cold scent,——*they are not to cast them at all.*

When hounds are at fault, and staring about, trusting entirely to their eyes, and to their ears; the making a cast with them, I apprehend, would be to little purpose. The likeliest place for them to find the scent, is where they left it; and, when the fault is evidently in the dog, a forward cast is least likely to recover the scent.

When hounds are making a regular cast, trying for the scent as they go, suffer not your huntsman to say a word to them; it cannot do any good, and, probably may make them go over the scent: Nor should you suffer either the voice, or the whip of your whipper-in, to be now heard; his usual roughness and severity, would ill suit the stillness and gentleness which are required, at a time like this.

When hounds come to a check, a huntsman should observe the tail-hounds; they are least likely to over-run the scent, and he may see by them how far they brought it: in most packs there are some hounds that will shew the point of the fox, and if attended to, will direct his cast:——When such hounds follow slowly and unwillingly, he may be certain the rest of the pack are running without a scent.

When he casts his hounds, let him not cast wide, without reason; for, of course, it will take more time. Huntsmen, in general, keep too forward in their casts; or, as a sailor would say, keep too long *on one tack*. They should endeavour to hit off the scent by crossing the line of it.—*Two parallel lines, you know, can never meet.*

When he goes to a halloo, let him be careful, lest his hounds run the heel, as much time is lost by it. I once saw this mistake made by a famous huntsman:—after we had left a cover, which we had been drawing, a disturbed fox was seen to go into it; he was halloo'd, and we returned. The huntsman, who never enquired *where* the fox was seen, or on *which side* the cover he entered, threw his hounds in at random; and, as it happened, on the opposite side: they immediately took the heel of him, broke cover, and hunted the scent back to his very kennel.

Fearful at all times of encroaching too much on your disposition to oblige me, I shall conclude with wishing you every success you can possibly expect, and am,

Gentlemen,
Yours,
ACASTUS.

(To be continued.)

THE

FEAST OF WIT:

OR,

SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

From the neat point contained in the two following articles written by the celebrated Mr. Collins, we are induced to place them under this head, instead of that of Poetry.

A SHORT CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN A PARSON AND PATRON.

LORD S—dw—h thus wrote to his chaplain one day,
" Dear Tom, would you leave off to preach and to pray,
" And bishop-like fit in your finecure chair,
" Take miss *** off my hands, and her settlement share ;
" Each year shall a leash uf good hundreds supply,
" And in clover you'll wallow, you rogue, till you die :
" But if you're determined to cross my intent,
" Pray don't take AMISS, what, by***, is well meant."
This friendly proposal the parson refusing,
An answer thus penn'd, for his patron's perusing :
" My lord, the great good which to me you'd extend,
" My pride it shall be to proclaim WITHOUT END ;
" And your friendship, exalted, so much I regard,
" That I hope it will meet—an EXALTED reward !
" While your wish I reject—tho' depend upon this,
" 'Tis comply'd with so far, as to—*Not take a* MISS."

Birmingham, BRUSH.
June 11, 1795.

A SHORT ANECDOTE IN RHYME.

AT a fam'd Flemish inn, where, believe me, 'tis true,
There's the sign of the *goose*, and a *golden* one too,
Lady C—v—n, who, now, is her highness serene,
And whose spirit in spending may cope with a queen,
Supp'd and slept on her tour through the Flanderkin towns,
For which her good host charg'd a hundred good crowns,
Though her own, her two lacqueys, and Abigail's fare,
Nor in solids, nor fluids, were costly or rare ;
And as impudence strove imposition to grace,
The landlord, with phiz full of grin and grimace,
With cringe and congee, at the door of her chaise,
The next morn bid adieu to my lady *Anglaise*;
Hoping, when she return'd from her tour, with her train,
She would honour his house with her presence again.
When her ladyship, smilingly, answered the fleecer,
" Your fine *golden goose* I may once again see, Sir;
" But, next time I venture to *sup* here, or *dine*,
" I must beg you'll mistake me no more for your *sign*."

Birmingham, BRUSH.
May 21, 1795.

Mr. Middleton, passing Mr. Vansittart, the other day, in the India House, said, "you forgot your appointment with me!"= "True," says Mr. V. "but you will excuse me, knowing that we great wits have always *short memories*.

In the case of Cunningham, sentenced to Botany Bay for perjury, the court considered that the offence was *aggravated* by the circumstance of his being an *Attorney!* But it might have been likewise considered, that if it aggravated the *offence*, it diminished the *surprise!*

One of the criminals lately under sentence of death in Newgate was visited by the Ordinary, who gravely urged him to acknowledge the justness of his sentence, &c. to which the culprit answering, the divine demanded to know whether he *renounced the d—l* and all his *works?* The poor fellow, shrugging his shoulders, replied: That he begged to be excused, for as he was going to a *strange country*, he did not wish to make himself any enemies.

THE BON MOT WITHOUT A JOKE.

A daughter of labour, who had been in service in the pottery from her childhood, when weary, would be frequently wishing to be married, that, as she emphatically termed it, she might *rest her bones*. Hymen, at length listened to her prayers, and a neighbouring clodhopper led her to the altar, nothing loth. Some time afterwards her late mistress meeting her, asked her, "Well, Mary, have you rested your bones yet?"—"Yes, indeed," replied she, with a sigh, "my *jawbones*."

A hair-dresser at Nantwich, after dressing a gentleman, in an apartment above stairs, in his precipitancy to go down, accidentally fell, and dislocating his neck, died upon the spot. One of the jurors, summoned to enquire into the cause of the poor man's death, meeting with some difficulty in finding the place where the body lay, at last very vociferously bawled out in the street, "Where does the man *live* that broke his neck?"

N. B. The enquirer is not an Irishman.

A young student in the law line was obliged by lot to inscribe his name among the new levies of the Imperial army. He sent a petition to the Emperor, stating that as he was on the point of being called to the bar, he flattered himself he could be of more service to his country as a lawyer than as a soldier. "My good friend," said the Emperor, "you are not ignorant that I am engaged in a very intricate *suit* against the French Convention, and that I want the assistance of men of talents, as you appear to be. Have the goodness to accept these twelve ducats.——Do your duty, and I promise you promotion."

BON MOT.

Mr. and Mrs. Kemble (late Miss Satchell) were visiting at a gentleman's seat near Kendal, where a lady belonging to the family sung and accompanied herself on the piano-forte. Mrs. Kemble delighted with the performance, whispered her husband, "Oh, that I had such NOTES in my voice!"——"Yes, my dear," replied he, "they would be BANK NOTES to you."

A

PUNT FISHING.

Published by J. Wheble Warwick Square July 1st 1793.

A few ſundays ago, a clergyman, preaching in the neighbourhood of Wapping, obſerving that moſt part of his audience were in the ſeafaring way, very naturally embelliſhed his diſcourſe with ſeveral nautical tropes and figures. Amongſt other things, he adviſed them to be ever on *the watch, ſo that upon whatever tack the devil ſhould bear down upon them he might be crippled in action.* "Aye Maſter," cried a jolly ſon of Neptune, "but let me tell you, that will depend upon your having *the weather gage of them.*

When our renowned knights of the fiſt exerciſed their pugiliſtic talents at the Lyceum, in the Strand, a ſpectator, ſtanding under a kind of gallery, on one ſide, was adviſed by his friend to remove, leſt the gallery ſhould break down. Having caſt his eyes up, he replied, "Its contents appear compoſed of that deſcription of men who are eſteemed as of *no great weight*

A bad painter having turned phyſician, was aſked what induced him to change his profeſſion; "I thought it beſt," ſaid he, "to purſue that whoſe blunders are hidden *under ground.*"

A gentleman in the courſe of his morning lounge viſited a lady fond of the ſtudy of geography.—In order to ſhew his wit, and ridicule the lady for her attachment to the ſcience, he remarked, ſhe could not in the map of England, even find *Minehead.* The lady ſmartly replied, "I can eaſily find *your* head, Sir, and there it is," inſtantly pointing her finger to LEATHERHEAD,

An Iriſhman ſhewing to his acquaintance the drawing of ſome remarkable building he had ſeen abroad, a gentleman, in company objected to one of them, and alledged it was not like the place ſaid to be repreſented. "By Jaſus!" ſays pat, "but you're after being miſtaken, now, for it was drawn from *life.*

A perſon who kept a jackdaw, uſed frequently to put his finger into the cage to him, the daw bit him, and the man ſaid "damn it, how you pinch!"—The jackdaw being out of his cage, a kite took him up, and flew off with him, while the daw kept crying, "damn it, how you pinch!"

Banniſter aſked Andrews when he intended bringing forth another new play, "Why," replied Andrews, "my Muſe is big and will ſoon be delivered." "Then" ſaid Banniſter, "I'll come to the *groaning.*

PUNT FISHING.

With a beautiful Engraving on the Subject.)

THE Punt (the beſt boat for the purpoſe) can only be uſeful to the expert angler in very large ſtreams, and, I believe, is more frequently ſeen, and better managed on the Thames, than in any other.—In ſuch waters, the gudgeon, the perch, the roach, the dace, the chub, the barbel, and even the trout fiſher finds it neceſſary, te beſt haunts of the fiſh being frequently entirely out of reach, without the aſſiſtance of a boat. It affords likewiſe a pleaſant mode of conveyance, and a commodious ſeat to thoſe who love the amuſement of

of what they call fiſhing; and who are not able, or willing, to endure the hardneſs and fatigue of travelling on foot over gravel beds, and through wet graſs, and even frequently wading to reach the places where the fiſh they ſeek are ſuppoſed to lie.—Above all, the punt permits the ladies, whoſe participation in pleaſure is every where to be deſired, to ſhare an agreeable amuſement, which, without ſuch a convenience they could not ſo ſafely and commodiouſly enjoy. For their uſe, and that of the inexperienced angler in general we ſubjoin a few directions for taking the ſeveral ſorts of fiſh above mentioned.

THE GUDGEON

Is ſo eaſily taken, a ſlight mention of him will ſuffice.—He is beſt fiſhed for when he will follow the rake, which he will not early in the ſpring, and the beſt bait is a red worm; rake the ground well, plumb your depth truly, fiſh with your bait juſt touching it. When you perceive them begin to fail on one ſcour remove to another, and in warm weather, and bright water, doubt not to take as many as you pleaſe, and now and then a perch into the bargain.

THE PERCH.

Feeds principally on minnows, and other ſmall fry, and a minnow alive, and hooked through the back fin, or upper lip, is the beſt bait for one worth taking; a cork float, and a good weed, or ſilkworm gut next the hook. Fiſh about mid-water, or rather lower; his haunts are the lower ends of gentle ſtreams, hollows of banks, &c.—By this mode you will take the beſt.

THE ROACH

Seaſon does not begin till the weeds begin to rot, and to be diſagreeable to the fiſh to live on they then betake themſelves to the ſtill deeps, and are there to be fiſhed for with very fine tackle, Uſe the ſmalleſt Indian graſs you can get, for a yard in length, next your hook, which muſt be very ſmall—your float ſo nicely balaced that the leaſt touch may be perceived—fiſh within four inches of the ground, and let your hand and eye be very quick, ground bait with bread and bran made into a paſte, and make it up in ſmall balls, with a ſtone in each. Fiſh with well ſcoured gentles.

THE DACE

Is taken with the roach, and he will riſe in the ſtreams at any ſmall fly all the ſummer.

THE CHUB.

Is alſo taken at the top with the fly, or graſshopper, with the minnow, ſometimes, as the trout, and at bottom with the worm, as that fiſh.

THE BARBEL

Which fiſh, though not worth eating when caught, doubtleſs, ſometimes, afford; very good ſport to the angler. He lies all the ſummer in deep and ſtrong ſtreams about piles, weirs floodgates, &c. and frequently far out of reach from the bank. Ground bait well a ſpot in the lower part of the ſtream where they reſort with graves or tallow ſediment diſſolved in hot water, and mixed up in handfuls with earth. Fiſh with a maiden dew worm; your bait muſt be on the ground; uſe a wheel; there are proper leads ſold for the purpoſe: let your tackle be very ſtrong; ſtrong gut or graſs next the

the hook; a silk line, and a cork float if you cannot fish without one, which you ought by all means to accustom yourself to as soon as possible. They feed mostly early and late, make a noble resistance when hooked, and may sometimes be taken in large quantities. Let it never be forgot that the roe or spawn is very dangerous to eat, as too many instances have dearly proved.

MONEY *lost by a* BANKRUPT, *at a* GAMING TABLE.

It must be admitted that decisions in the courts of law, relative to gaming transactions, are subjects immediately within our plan, and we generally give place to them. The following report is evidently taken from one side of the question only, we shall give it as we received it, taking leave, however, at the conclusion to submit a few observations on the case, and that without any predilection in favour of the species of gaming here so warmly reprobated.

COURT OF COMMON-PLEAS. JUNE 3.

ASSIGNEES OF BRAND *v* WILDER.

THIS was a cause that attracted not more the attention than it did the indignation of the court. The plaintiffs brought the action as assignees of the bankrupt, Mr. Brand, to recover from Wilder, the defendant, the sum of 179l. which it was alledged he had most unlawfully and unfairly won from the unfortunate bankrupt, at the well known game of PHARO, a game of a much more plundering and destructive nature than even the game of E. O. that ruined some years ago so many creditable people in business, and made the fortunes of a number of notorious sharpers.

The counsel for the plaintiffs was Mr. Serjeant Adair, who in the most glowing colours pointed out that this was a cause of the utmost importance to us as a great commercial nation, and that the very existence of civil society itself depended on the crushing of this alarming and growing evil. It was to the games of *Pharo*, *Hazard*, *Rouge et Noire*, &c. more even than to horse-racing, that so many tradesmen of good fortunes and great business owe their destruction. Pharo itself was a most inevitable system of plunder; and he was sorry to say that many hundreds were ruined by this game alone in *St. James's-street Pall Mall.* It was not confined to the youth of fortune alone, but the decent and respectable tradesman, as well as the dashing clerks of the merchant and banker, were engulphed within its vortex! The poor prostitute, that for a scanty pittance, to satisfy the cravings of hunger, attacked the inebriated youth in the street, was sent for months to *Bridewell*; and if she dipped her pallid hand in his pocket, and eased him of a few shillings, though plundered of her virtue by man, she was either sent to Botany Bay, or expired on the scaffold. This, however rigorously just, it would make all the jury shudder, when he declared, that the most abandoned prostitute's crimes were but light when put in the scale with the noted gambler, who preyed daily, especially upon the better sort of tradesmen, and ruined whole families, driving their wives and children to the streets, not only without punishment, but made rich

rich by the very spoil of those they had robbed, keeping their carriages, their town houses, and their country villas, and even purchasing estates in defiance of the laws, and braving the tears and the curses of those they had robbed and completely ruined. It is this, (exclaimed the Serjeant) and not dearness of provisions, or the burdens of the war, that makes so many bankruptcies. It is the *plunderers* at gaming-tables that fill our Gazettees and our gaols with so many victims; and it is this that in all probability has contributed more than misfortunes in trade, to the unfortunate Mr. Brand's affairs being now in the hands of Assignees. He carried on, with much reputation, the business of a manufacturer of mustard; but, unfortunately was drawn to visit the defendant, Mr. Wilder, who keeps a well known gambling house in the lower end of St. James's-street, and is appointed by the proprietors, there being many sharers, as holder of the bank, and the *visible* part of that gambling firm. At three sittings Mr. Brand lost at Pharo, to the defendant, 179l. Indeed, it must be confessed, that it was a very great wonder that he did not lose the whole at one sitting; and the only way it can be accounted for is, that perhaps, the bankrupt had not more cash, and that the defendant was not eager to take any other sign of value than bank or gold. It was but fair and clear, therefore that the Assignees should recover such money for the benefit of the creditors at large. For, not to mention the gross and flagrant manner in which it was lost: as it was contrary to the express words of the statute to play for more than ten pounds at a sitting, the Assignees had a certain legal right to recover the whole sum for the general benefit.

The unfortunate tradesman that was deprived so speedily of that money, which, perhaps, would have prevented the bankruptcy, and his ruin was called on the part of the Assignees. He clearly proved that he played with the defendant; and, among other curious matter that came out on his evidence, he satisfied the Court how, and in what manner, he lost the 179l. at the three different sittings. It very unfortunately, however, appearing, that Mr. Brand had not obtained his certificate, the defendant Wilder's counsel objected to him as an incompetent evidence, not from the statement of facts, for that was incontrovertible, but merely because he had not obtained such certificate :——that is, they objected to evidence which they could not disprove, and, indeed, did not attempt to controvert, only from this legal flaw, that Mr. Brand not having such a certificate, it totally disqualified him as a witness.

A release from the creditors who had come in under the commission, was produced in Court by the plaintiff's counsel, of all and every eventual interest that the bankrupt might have in his effects or in his estate, and they contended that Mr. Brand was rendered a legal competent witness by this release.

The learned judge, however, lamented that as such release only extended to those creditors who had come in under the commission, and as some other creditors might in future possibly appear, the release, in his opinion, did not render the bankrupt, Brand, a competent witness; but he could not help very much

much lamenting that ſuch a flagrant buſineſs was thus got rid of.

He conſidered the cauſe of the firſt importance to the welfare of Britain, as a commercial nation, and which only could continue to proſper, the more that they endeavoured to put a ſtop to all robberies of the honeſt but too credulous tradeſman, and the depriving of the creditors of bankrupts from recovering a part of their own property; he could not help ſaying, that if the plaintiff's counſel ſtill were of opinion that Mr. Brand was a legal evidence, they might and ought to refer it to the enſuing term for the opinion of the court.

The plaintiff's were nonſuited for the preſent; but they are determined to bring forward the buſineſs again, according to the judge's philanthropic hint; and it is to be lamented that there are not more actions of this nature produced in a court of juſtice, to puniſh the notorious plunderers of the too credulous tradeſman and of the unwary youth of fortune.

Thus far the report of this caſe—but what does it all amount to? Why, that a very imprudent man (in trade) went to a gaming houſe and loſt his money.——He does not ſay he was forced to play, or that he was cheated, but forſooth all the folly, all the injuſtice, all the error of a tradeſman's gambling away his own and his creditor's money, is placed to the account of the man who keeps the gaming-table.—What induced this Mr. Brand to go to Wilders? Anſwer, the hope of *winning*; but he *loſt*; had good luck attended him, and he had brought away, instead of looſing 1791. would he not have proclaimed Wilder a ſcoundrel if he had attempted afterwards to recover it by an action at law? However reprehenſible perſons may be who ſubſiſt by keeping gaming houſes, thoſe who frequent them have very little cauſe to complain if they are unfortunate at play.——They go free of controul, and muſt know that the turn of the ſcale cannot be otherwiſe than in favour of the table-keeper.——What then is to be ſaid? If fools and knaves will *play*, the conſequences of *play* will follow; and who to blame but themſelves?——The injury ſuſtained by Brand is nothing, and he merits the puniſhment of *never* having his certificate. As to the Aſſignees of ſuch a bankrupt, they think themſelves juſtified, and, in ſome degree, may be ſo, in endeavouring to get ſomething as it is termed OUT OF THE FIRE; but to attribute all the guilt to the *playee* and none to the *player* is ſuch an abſurdity as needs not a ſentence further to prove or demonſtrate.

Cock Squailing.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

As the cuſtom of ſquailing at cocks is very prevalent in the part of the country in which I reſide, and as it may not be known to the generality of your readers, I take the liberty of tranſmitting the following deſcription.

A few days ago I happened to be a ſpectator where a rabble of idle fellows were convened for the purpoſe of barbarouſly tor-

turning at a stake, those domestic animals. Among the rest, a rustic approached in tattered garb, with a bag on his shoulder, wherein was supposed to be deposited a cock. But though he attended ultimately for the purpose of making the dumb creature the sport of infidels, he feigned to profess himself a friend to humanity, nor would he submit to tie his bird to a stake, as is the custom, but devised tde following manœuvre: That a large earthen *pan* should be procured, under which the cock was to be lodged, to be paid the gamester's stipulated gratuity for throwing, and whoever was fortunate enough to break the *pan*, would be entitled to the sheltered victim.

These humane proposals being unanimously acceded to; the rustic artfully conveyed the pretended object of his sympathy under the potter's vessel. A raggamuffin undertook to abolish the clay-burnt mark; and after having incurred a pretty heavy expence shivered the pan to atoms, when to the astonishment of the multitude, (though to their no small diversion) instead of a *cock*, up flew a huge rusty *owl*, crying, *Hoo-hoo-hoo!* The winner has ever since been known and called by the name of *Hoo-hoo-hoo!*

Ipswich, Yours, &c.
June 10, 1795. DUCKWING.

The SUPERSTITIOUS PEDESTRIAN; *or* PILGRIMAGE *of the* DUKE *of* PARMA.

THE whole conversation in Italy, at this time, is the pilgrimage of the duke of Parma. This prince, who had for a tutor one of the most enlightened philosophers of the age, the Abbé Candillac, has profited only from the lessons of the old women that surrounded him in the nursery, and he is as grossly superstitious as a nun. He lives, as much as depends upon himself, the life of a monk. He has adopted the Dominican order, of which he has taken the vows, regularly performs the offices, and, in private, wears the habit. He makes every year a pilgrimage to some sanctuary celebrated for its miracles. He has visited the *holy house* of Loretto; and has been several times at Camerino, to visit the body of a native saint of Parma.

This year he has resolved to go in pilgrimage to *our Lady of the Crown*, near the lake of Gardia, in the state of Venice. That his pilgrimage may be more meritorious, he travels a foot; and he, no doubt, adopts the costume of the pilgrim; which consists in a large grey gown, a long staff, a slouched hat, stuck over with small figures of saints in tin, a crucifix at his breast, &c. The royal pilgrim is to be followed by his court, who, not having the same devotion, nor the same perseverance, or who know that the most artful flattery consists in affecting to be unequal to the toils which his highness undergoes, will accompany him in carriages.

The governor of Verona has given the necessary orders for procuring every possible accommodation to the duke on his route; but the prince, who breathes nothing but mortification and penitence, pays no regard to his attention, and certainly will not indulge in the slightest convenience.

For

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

A SINGULAR FACT.

IN a town near Chorley, refided a young lady, amiable in her perfon and manners, and efteemed by all who had the happinefs of her acquaintance. A young gentleman, who refided in the fame town faw her;——he loved her;

> " By no uncommon care opprefs,
> He did not labour to conceal
> The gentleft paffion of the breaft,
> Which all can feign, but few can
> FEEL." *

He imparted to the fair object of his wifhes the favourable impreffion fhe had made on his heart; fhe acknowledged her partiality for him, and returned " love for love." The young gentleman was a votary of fcience; he found himfelf foon called on to quit the prefence of his admired fair one, and purfue the path of learning. They parted, but not without exchanging vows of lafting fidelity.

Soon after the young ftudent left town, a fecond admirer prefented himfelf, foliciting the young lady's hand, and favourable opinion; but, alas? for him:——he told the tender tale of love in vain; the lady had but one heart to difpofe of, fhe had pledged her affections to another. The old faying, however, that

> " Love unreturn'd foon dies."

did not prove true in the prefent cafe. The young gentleman w determined to fupplant her firft lover, by the vileft means. For this purpofe he forged a letter, and fent to the lady as from the man who had vowed to her eternal fidelity, informing her that he had changed his fentiments entirely; that fhe was at liberty to make another choice;and concluded by wifhing her happy in the arms of fome other perfon The artifice apparently fucceeded. The lady was fo provoked that fhe inftantly gave her confent to beftow her hand on her fecond admirer. The matter was foon agreed on, the wedding night was fixed, the company invited, and one half hour more would have joined them in the bonds of matrimony——when, behold! at this critical moment, the firft lover arrived in town, ftopped at the houfe of a friend, who informed him that in confequence of the letter he had fent to the lady to whom he formerly paid his addreffes, fhe was that night to be married to another. Aftonifhment feized him, he avowed his innocence, declared the letter a forgery, and begged the gentleman to fet off immediately, and prevent the marriage, if poffible. The gentleman arrived juft as the parties were preparing to join hands; he requefted to fpeak with the lady a moment in the next room; he acquainted her with the circumftances of the impofition, and that her firft and fincere lover was then juft at hand: an eclairciffement took place, her real lover handed her into a chaife which ftood waiting at the door, and immediately rode off to a friend's houfe in a neighbouring town, where the lady was kept concealed. The intended bridegroom, and the company, after waiting impatiently for fome time, at length fought after the lady; but " the bird was flown." After fruitlefs fearch the company difperfed, to the great mortification of the intended bridegroom.

The young ſtudent, after finiſhing his ſtudies at the Univerſity, returned, and married the lady, who had full poſſeſſion of his heart, and a pleaſing ſcene of connubial happineſs enſued.

MATRIMONIAL SPORTING.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine,

GENTLEMEN,

I Return you my warmeſt thanks for the attention you have paid to my former communications, and requeſt the inſertion of the following relation, which (though known only to few) is founded on a recent fact, and is, I preſume, applicable to the plan of your Miſcellany.

I am,
Gentlemen,
With all due reſpect,
Your's, &c.
A SUBSCRIBER.

Richmond,
10 *th. June,* 95.

Tom Stirrup was the only ſon and heir of a late wealthy and venerable Sportſman, no leſs reſpected for his honour and integrity, than liberality, in the Sporting circles. Sam Plumb, a gay, thoughtleſs young banker, having juſt ſlipped off the ſhackles of minority, came into the poſſeſſion of a very large fortune, their dreſs and manner were in the ſtile of modern buckiſm; and their ſentiments and opinions, from purſuing the ſame *courſes* ran parallel. After improving in nothing but diſſipation and unbounded extravagance, for many years together, after having imbibed the worſt poſſible opinion of female virtue, they at length took it into their heads to become *honourably* united to a ſex which they had ſtudied to deſpiſe. Accordingly, they relinquiſhed their ſtud of racers, which had been collected at a great expence from various parts of the kingdom, by which, (through their inexperience as well as inattention to the propriety of the matches they had made) were uniformly unſucceſſful; and found themſelves (in the cloſe of their career) *minus* a ſum more than doubly equal to the purchaſe of their Sporting eſtaliſhment. Thus having *prudently* diſpoſed of their connexions in that line, they prepared themſelves for a ſtate which then appeared not only agreeable, but highly neceſſary for their future eaſe and comfort, and married two very amiable and handſome young women, whoſe underſtandings were naturally good, and whoſe morals were unſullied. The honey-moon having paſſed, with its never-failing uncomitants, the connubial torch, as uſual, became leſs fierce, and at length, as is but too frequently the caſe, loſt all its extatic energy. The particular reaſon, in the preſent inſtance, was, that Tom Stirrup, from frequent opportunities of ſeeing his friend's wife, and comparing her endowments with thoſe of his own, loſt all matrimonial reliſh: and, notwithſtanding the commandment, abſolutely coveted his *neighbour's wife.* Nor was Sam, from the ſame opportunities and obſervations, leſs captivated with the ſuperior charms of his friend's allotment. Thus matters remained for ſome time, when one evening

evening, Tom and Sam, with a third friend, being over a bottle at the Turf Coffee-houfe, the converfation, as was ufual with them, turned on Sporting fubjects, and the advantages and difadvantages of a married life. All the apoftate daughters of Hymen, for the laft twenty years, were mentioned by the friend, who, without ceremony or delicacy, fwore heartily, there was no fuch thing as a virtuous woman in the whole world. Although this opinion was, by the bye, actually incident with that of our two other heroes, they at firft affected not to think fo badly; but, after fome time, *in vino veritas*, they were abfolutely all of one mind, women only wanted to be tried; ay, d—n me! trial's the teft, and without that, virtue is all my eye. Such was the united fentiment, when, at two in the morning, Tom and Sam, being more than *half feas o'er*, reeled homewards ho! and left their companion to fcour the hundreds. As the two friends hobbled home together, "D—n me," fays Tom, with a hiccough, "fuppofe,——fuppofe, for a little fun, you and I, Sam, make *this here* trial of our wifes' virtue? There's no danger of our going *too far*, my boy. If we fail, why then we'll be two happy rafcals; and if not, why then we know the worft."—"Oh!" anfwered Sam, with a mind equally warmed by wine and fenfuality, "its the moft charming thought in the world! we'll fet to it directly; lofe no time, my boy; and, as you fay, *we* can confide in one another; D—n me, I *like* the fun of all things in the world!" Full of anticipated enjoyment, Tom and Sam parted.

In minds not entirely depraved and irrational, the return of fobriety would have produced confufion and repentance; but it was by no means fo with our heroes. Agreeably to promife, they kept it up, and with the artful femblance of a *merry curiofity*, were reciprocally determined to betray each other. In each, alfo, there was a felf-conceit, which produced a kind of indemnity. "Curfe me!" faid Tom in fecret, "fhe can never prefer fuch a *fellar* as he is."—"And d—n me! ejaculated Sam, who really thought he was made for the delight of woman-kind, "my perfon and accomplifhments fecure ME from cuckoldom." Every opportunity was now not only given, but carefully improved upon; and in a fhort time the two coxcombs avowed their paffions; but the good wives, to whom we fhall give the *plain* names of Martha and Mary, happened in reality to poffefs what their hufbands thought at beft vifionary, *fufficient virtue to refift and punifh vice and impertinence.* Being in long habits of fifterly affection, they feldom concealed a thought or incident, of confequence from each other, and were no fooner acquainted with the ridiculous love of their filly hufbands, than it became a fubject of interchangeable communication. Now to be revenged, was the queftion! It is a trite, but not lefs true remark, that women are quick at invention; and in the following ftratagem Martha and Mary proved themfelves not unworthy of their fex. It happened now that as Tom and Sam were alike in their town lives, fo in their rural amufements they were not divided; they had each a villa at Epfom, and

and at each villa belonged a garden, which communicated with the other. Upon this foundation it was that the good wives built the superstructure of their device. And now all the artillery of lofty nonsense contained in a *certain metropolitical circulating arsenal*, and all the bombast of artificial sentiment comprised in modern comedy, were played off most vigorously by the two lovers; and Martha and Mary, as had been previously concerted not only listened, but affected to admire.—There are some men who swallow and digest flattery as Turks do opium, insomuch that what would stupify or kill others, only renders them lively. Martha and Mary knew this to be constitutional in their *happy bargains*; and therefore to strengthen and facilitate their plot, gave large returns of the same ammunition. Martha, the wife of Stirrup, was the first who feigned to surrender: She informed Sam Plumb of what was really a fact, that her husband intended going to the races at Barnet which were to commence on the ensuing Monday, and with affected blushes, intimated that if her lover could contrive to settle matters with Mary, he might avail himself of that opportunity. The enraptured Plumb saw so difficulty in the thing, as he could pretend a similar excursion. And so after vows and rants, and transports of joy, the consummation of love was settled for that night. The maid-servant, a trusty Abigail, was to be in the secret, and at a certain hour the happy Plumb was to be admitted.

While this business was carrying on between Martha and Sam, an exact duplicate thereof was performing between Mary and Tom, and the two heroes waited with equal impatience for the propitious moment. Accordingly, on the Monday morning Tom Stirrup mounted his Palfrey, as if for Barnet, and Sam Plumb his steed as if for Windsor, (as he was a never-failing attendant at the Royal Hunt). Martha and Mary, as was agreed by all parties, spent the day together: but when evening had drawn her sober mantle, Martha, by private agreement, retired to the house of Mary, and Mary to that of Martha, each to occupy her neighbour's bed. Night now spread an universal gloom! Ten, the hour of Tom Stirrup's appointment arrived; and Tom having left his horse at a neighbouring inn, was punctual to his appointment. He let himself in at the garden gate, and Abigail, faithful to her trust, gave him entrance to the house of his friend Plumb. Half an hour advanced, and exactly in the same manner Sam got admittance into the mansion of his associate Stirrup. What was said in soft whispers, and done in darkness, upon this occasion, cannot be supposed any one can have so perfect a knowledge of as themselves. For whispers, darkness, and a fixed hour of departure, where the positive conditions of each engagement. And now Aurora having with her rosy finger drawn back the curtain of night and the gay dawn peeping from her eastern bed-chamber, the attentive Abigail announced the fatal summons. At the same moment, Stirrup and Plumb were compelled reluctantly, to retire; at the same moment they were ushered to the different

different back doors, leading into the gardens! and lo! at the same fatal and ridiculous moment, with bristled hair and staring eye-balls, with confusion and rage, they beheld each other! Forgetting all sense of *equal* treachery,—forgetting the justice of retaliation, under the influence of jealousy and shame, our Sporting heroes now loaded each other with the most scurrilous abuse, and being both (among other *useful* qualifications) *amateurs* in the noble science of pugilism, from words they *fell to*, and *black eyes*, if they deserve the name of beauty, in a short time most eminently encreased their personal accomplishments. While the battle raged in meridian violence, the ears of these Broughtonian practioners were suddenly assailed with loud peals of female laughter; an instantaneous and involuntary cessation of hostilities now took place; and the combatants, turning to the back windows of their respective habitations, saw, with disappointment, confusion, and repentance, the trick which had been played them. The two heroes now shook hands, and while they were obliged to confess the justice of their punishment, and their wives' virtue, were also constrained to acknowledge that they were both a couple of arrant scoundrels.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

DURING the races at Guildford, in May last, a great main of cocks was fought at the Red Lion cock pit, between the gentlemen of Hampshire (Bromley, feeder), and the gentlemen of Kent (Walter, feeder), for 5gs a battle, and 100 the main; which was a drawn one.

BOXING.

A battle was fought at Bedfont, Hounslow Heath, on Monday, June 6, between the Young Ruffian, and Jack Brrtholomew, of Brentford. The battle, which was a severe one, lasted fifty minutes, and Bartholomew was declared the conqueror.

Sir Thomas Apprecce has lately had a *pugilistic* contest with a *bruising ruffian* in the street, who goes about with a woman, whom he strikes, and threatens to murder, in order to provoke gentlemen to interfere, who, for their ill-directed humanity, are almost sure to get severely thrashed, and to be plundered of their watch, cloaths, &c. into the bargain:—in the present instance, however, the ruffian met with his match; Sir Thomas coming off, after a violent conflict, with the *honour of the victory*, though with very little of his *wearing apparel!*

Wednesday, June 10, a most desperate pitched boxing-match was fought on Bradley-green, near Feckenham, Worcestershire, for one guinea a side, between a carpenter and a blacksmith. The conflict was bloody, and lasted upwards of one hour and a half hard fighting, when the *son* of the *saw-pit* gave in, and victory declared in favour of *Vulcan*. Both parties were so savagely mangled as to be borne away by their respective friends and amateurs of the pugilistic art.

WALKING

WALKING MATCHES.

Monday, June 8, a capital walking match was performed from Lamberhurſt to London-Bridge and back again, being 80 miles! Smith, a turnpike-keeper, at Lamberhurſt, againſt Hunniſett, a wheelwright, of the ſame place, for 50l. which was won with eaſe by Smith, who returned in nineteen hours and three quarters. They ſtopped to bait at the weigh-bridge, near New-Croſs, on their return, and walked together as far as Bromley Common, in all 52 miles, when Smith left his companion, Hunniſett, who did not arrive at Lamberhurſt till the next day. Smith for that diſtance regulated his pace by his opponent, who was a much older man. The age of Smith was 30, that of Hunniſett upwards of 50.

On Monday morning, June 8, a young man of the name of Limbs, clerk to an attorney, near Hereford, undertook for a trifling wager to walk ſix miles within an hour, which he performed with apparent eaſe, but in a very ſhort time was taken with a pain in his ſtomach, and expired in a few minutes afterwards. A violent ſtrain is ſuppoſed to have been the occaſion.

Tueſday morning, June 9, a journeyman butcher belonging to St. James's market, undertook to run from Hyde Park Corner to the ſix mile ſtone on the Brentford Road, in one hour carrying a tray with ſix ſtone of meat in it on his head; which he performed within fifty-eight minutes.

CANTERBURY, JUNE 9.

Thurſday, during the celebration of his Majeſty's birth, in the park of Sir Edward Knatchbull, at Merſham, a troop of the Yeoman Cavalry were drawn up in honour of the day, ſome pieces of cannon, as had been uſual on ſimilar occaſions, were diſcharged; but unhappily, owing to want of proper care in ſpunging after each fire, two of the guns went off while they were charging, within a minute of each other, by which ——Holladay and——Caſtle, the former game keeper, the latter waggoner to Sir Edward, were blown to the ground one with the loſs of his right, the other his left hand. Fortunately the ramrods entered the earth, or the miſchief would have been more extenſive. This ſudden and unexpected accident threw the whole company, which was very numerous and reſpectable, into the deepeſt regret the remainder of the day; Sir Edward Knatchbull was particularly affected for the fate of two faithful ſervants, and immediately procured every medical aſſiſtance poſſible; and further conſoled the unhappy ſufferers with the aſſurance of ſupport and protection during their lives. The game-keeper has a wife and family. We hear both the men are in a fair way of recovery.

KENTISH BOWMEN.

At the *fête*, given by this ſociety, on Friday, June 12, at their lodge on Dartford Heath, the duke of Clarence and the Stadtholder were preſent, but not the perſon moſt expected——the Prince.

The temporary room, which was beſpoke at a guinea a foot for the night, was 100 feet long, 25 broad, and 16 feet high. The trees about the ground were illuminated by lamps, and a ſuperb ſtar, lighted by lamps, was intended to have ſhone, and to have had

had a grand effect from a ball-room, the windows of which, as well as those of the usual meeting room, were illuminated on the outsides; but rude *Boreas* would not suffer their intended splendour to have full effect; the lamps were blown out almost as fast as lighted, and afforded constant employment to the lamp-lighters.

The supper was well served with a profusion of every delicacy. A multitude of waxen ornaments, allusive to the occasion of the meeting, as well as to the society itself were placed on the table: such as *bows and arrows*, *bugle-horns*, *and bowmen*, coloured and properly attired. An hundred and three pair of silver candlesticks, and other plate in porportion, were borrowed for the evening, which concluded without a single incident to interrupt the purposed harmony.

PORTER CASK.

There is now building, and nearly finished, in the porter-brewery of Messrs. Meux and Co. in Liquor-pond-street, Grey's-inn Lane, a cask so remarkably large, that the following description of it we would have scarcely credited, had it not been communicated by some gentlemen who took down its dimensions in the presence of Mr. Meux himself.——

Diameter	—	$65\frac{1}{2}$ feet.
Height	—	$25\frac{1}{2}$ feet.
Hoops	—	56

The least of which weighs one ton, and the largest three tons.

It is formed of 314 staves of English oak, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, will contain upwards of 20,000 barrels of porter, at 30s. each; has been four years in building; and will cost upwards of 10,000l.

Its figure is in a small degree conical, and its base is supported by large beams. At the top a square aperture is left open, thro' which the workmen pass down into it, by means of a temporary stair-case. A great number of candles and lamps are disposed about the inside, to light the different artificers employed therein. It excites a strange and novel sensation to stand on the top, and, looking through the bung hole, to view all the lights, scaffolding, and various workmen employed in the different parts of the vast cavity of this wonderful vessel.

The famous tun of Heidelberg, Germany, which is said to contain 8000 hogsheads of Rhenish wine, seems in this to be quite outdone in Old England.

A farmer, near Castle-cary, lost lately a favourite hen turkey; he supposed her to have been stolen, but, upon removing a few days since a quantity of reed, she was discovered almost exhausted, having been buried beneath it five weeks and four days: one egg was found under her, and it is conjectured that she had eaten the rest of her eggs, and which must have been the only sustenance she could reeeive during that period. By proper attention being paid to feed her sparingly, the bird has perfectly recovered.

At Cannard's Grave Inn, near Shepton-Mallet, a tame magpie has been kept eight years, who was so docile as to follow the maids daily to their most distant fields when going to milk. This spring she was observed busily employed in forming a nest in a faggot pile adjoining the house, where she laid four eggs, on which she is at this time attentively sitting.

A whimsical occurrence took place at Wellington, a few days since: A man who had inlisted for a soldier on the over night, as he lay asleep in the morning with his hand hanging over the bedstead, his wife took a sharp knife, and cut two of his fingers entirely off; she was obliged immediately to decamp, and in her retreat exclaimed, *There d— you, go for a soldier now.*

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

A few days since, a team passing Shawbury-bridge, fell through a breach occasioned by the late inundation, and though the owner was fast asleep, and the cart fell upon him, yet neither he nor the horses received any material injury.

SALE OF CURIOUS STOCK.

At Mr. Moor's sale, which took place at Charlecote, in Warwickshire, a few days since, five rams were sold for 355l 19s.—two rams, the produce of one ewe, sold for 158l. 11s. and the produce of another ewe sold for 147l.

STOMACH ACCOMPLISSHMENTS.

A few night ago, a peruke-maker, of Nantwich, for a trifling wager, eat, in the course of one hour, three pounds of beef-steaks, ten boiled eggs, nearly a pound of bacon, a large quantity of potatoes, and four penny worth of bread, which he washed down with five quarts of ale, three quarts of porter, and seven six-penny glasses of brandy and water!——It is said that he has offered another wager, that he can eat the same quantity of solids, with the *soft* addition of as much pudding as will fill a wig-box!——Well may provisions be dear at Nantwich, so long as this peruke-making cormorant—this *bolting barber*—is in the parish.

DREADFUL CATASTROPHE.

A gentleman who was at the last Manchester races, says, that a woman, with a young infant in her arms, went into the caravan there, containing the collection of wild beast, to gratify curiosity, and thoughtlessly approaching too near one of them, (a white lion) suddenly fastened on the child with its paws, wresting it from the mother, and, before it could be taken from the voracious creature, tore, and eat a great part of of the poor innocent, depriving it of life, in despite of the efforts of the mother and keeper.

A few weeks since a bull belonging to Mr. Bayliff, of Patton, near Kendal, attacked and killed one of his servants; Mr. Bayliff was a witness of the circumstance, and endeavoured, but ineffectually, to prevent the melancholy issue. The enraged animal after having dispatched the unfortunate man, ran furiously at its owner, and had it not been for the timely interposition of a second servant that came to the assistance of his master, and stunned the bull, by striking him on the head with a dung drag, it is more than probable that the event would have been rendered doubly lamentable.

At Burford races, three well known black legs were detected with a false E.O. table, the reward of which was a severe ducking to two of the party, and a horse-whipping to the third.

There

There were upwards of fifty E. O. tables at Ascot races, which formed an entire street on the south side of the course.

An aukward *row* took place at the last meeting to settle the annual accounts of the *Pychley Hunt*:—seven or eight of the best hunters are not expected next season in the field.

The club at Baxter's are about to move with all their *stock in trade* to the rooms, late Daubigny's.

PROPHECIES.

It is related in Lord Chesterfield's works, that the prophets at the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, used to assemble in Moorfields, and there hold forth as *inspired*, attended by a vast number of idle spectators—the then ministry only ordered one Powell, the master of a famous puppet-shew, to make punch turn *prophet*; and this had the desired effect, for it soon put an end to both prophets and prophecies.

Second hand prophets are starting up in the country almost daily. One last week at Manchester, predicted the swallowing up of the race-ground, whilst the people were on it.——The prophet, however, mercifully changed his mind, and postponed his benevolent intentions till—next races.

How fruitful are the events of some mens lives. An honest countryman, who went to see the amusements of the turf, at Chester races, had his heart pierced through and through on the Roodee-hill, by the bright eyes of a beautiful stranger. The wound was so very large, that the lady very tenderly consented to heal it, by going to the first parson that would buckle them together. Accordingly a few mornings after, they were made one and indivisible; and a very few mornings after that, the fair dulcinea thought proper to decamp, leaving her disconsolate husband to the sad necessity of intreating her in mercy to return, through the medium of a newspaper!

ORGANIZED WASHING TUBS.

A correspondent informs us, that a fertile genius, in the *musico-mechanic* line, has invented a washing machine, which performs several favourite airs during the operation of purifying foul linen. This, one may *suppose* will prove an *useful* projection; as the persons so occupied may be *charmed* with their *work*, by a succession of harmonious strains; and the sense of labour, through a repetition of "*Water parted from the sea*," may be relieved by "*My Chloe left me in the suds*," &c. &c. &c.

An infant, now an ensign in the Wexford militia, has already attained the age of 18 months, and to reward the services of this *experienced veteran*, he has been appointed to a lucrative situation in the civil department, on which he may repose to the tune of *lullaby*.

By the death of Mr. Semple, an exciseman in Scotland, the well-known Major Semple, has become the claimant of the Scotch barony of Lisle.

Mr. Tommy Thomson went over the course of Westminster-hall, this term, with some *Annuity mongers*;

mongers; when proving only a *half-bred* GIRGASHITE, the *full-blooded* Jews beat him dead hollow.

Poor dashing Teasdale the money agent, has profited little by his commissions, being now a pauper, with faculties deranged, in St. Martin's workhouse.

Lady Lade has served Sir John Lade with the fashionable notice that she shall be in the *straw* on or about *Michaelmas*-day next; and that she expects suitable provision to be made for the extraordinary solemnity! The happy baronet, who thinks a good dinner to be the provision hinted at, says he has already ordered two *stubble geese*, stuffed with sage and onions for the top and bottom dishes, on this felicitous occasion!

A fine girl lately entered into the naval service at Liverpool, in the dress of a sailor, passed muster, and was on board a fortnight before her sex was discovered.

Mr. Esten, the lawful proprietor of the *ci-devant* actress has signified an honourable disposition to vindicate the insulted feelings of his *conjugal character* by an action of *crim. con.* against a *Caledonian* duke, for surreptitiously despoiling his *better half!*

Commode P——, lately wrecked on the *rocks* of JERSEY, was fortunately picked up by the FITZHERBERT *jolly boat*, and safely carried into harbour.

It is no less singular than true, that Miss Broadric, who shot Mr. Errington, was taught by that unfortunate gentleman the use of pistols, by repeated lessons in the art of firing at a mark; and that he requested her never to sleep, or travel alone without a case of pistols; which strange advice she complied with much against her inclination.

A young man in Borrodale, who had been brought up a parish-apprentice, lately entered as a volunteer in the navy. Having formed an early attachment to hunting, previous to his departure from the neighbourhood, he requested an acquaintance to speak to such persons as took out game certificates, not to destroy the *dogs*, if even a *tax* should be laid upon them: "for," said he, "when I return from the war, I will pay the *expence* for the whole vale."

In consequence of a misunderstanding which subsisted between Lieutenant Graham, of the Dumbartonshire Fencibles, and a Mr. Campbell, of Jamaica, the parties, accompanied by a Mr. M'B. as second to the former, and Mr. C. second to the latter, met in a field, near the Ferry of Erskine, in the county of Renfrew, when, at the second fire from Mr. Campbell, Mr. Graham unfortunately fell, and expired without uttering a word, the ball having penetrated his right temple.——Mr. Campbell fled to Ireland. Mr. Graham's mangled remains were conveyed to Dumbarton. He was brother to the minister of Aberfoil, and is much lamented.

Astley's wherry, rowed for on the King's birth-day, was won by Scott and Holmes, after a short contest.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

HUNTING SONG.

I.

ATTEND jolly ſportſmen, I'll ſing you a ſong,
Which cannot fail pleaſing the old and the young;
I'll ſing of a *famous old fox*, and his wiles,
Who led us a chaſe of at leaſt *fifty miles.*
I'll tell you a tale of ſuch *men and ſuch hounds*
With what courage they bound o'er all ſorts of grounds;
How hounds vie with hounds, and how mrn with men ſtrive
Old Draper * may rue that he was not alive.

II.

At *Hurworth, fam'd village* ar ſoon as 'twas light,
We feaſted our eyes with a muſt charming ſight;
A ſet of briſk horſes, and high mett'led hounds
Set forward to hunt o'er the *Tees* water grounds.
But firſt the *Commander in Chief* I muſt name
The *Lord of Kirkleatham* † of right honeſt fame,
A friend to good men, but a profeſſed foe
To villains of *four legs*, as well as of *two*.

---

* A very celebrated old ſportſman who lived in the Eaſt Riding of Yorkſhire.

† The late Sir Charles Turner, Bart.

III.

We had not tried long, e'er *Rafter* gave mouth,
Eſteem'd by the pack as the ſtandard of *truth*;
They quickly fly to him, in an inſtant declare
That *Rafter* was right, for a fox had been there.
And truſt me he prov'd a notorious blade,
His name was *Old Cæſar* the plunderer of trade;
His name-ſake in all the great battles he had won,
Spilt leſs blood by gallons, than this rogue had done.

IV.

Unkennell'd at *Aingholme*, we next ride around,
In which we might run about four miles of ground;
Then back to the earths, but the Stopper took care
To prevent him from making his quarters there.
Diſdaining ſuch treatment he flouriſh'd his *bruſh*,
And ſeem'd to ſay *ſportſmen* I care not a ruſh:
I'll give you a proof of my ſtoutneſs and ſpeed,
That *Nimrod* himſelf wou'd have honour'd the breed.

V. By

V.

By *Smeaton* and *Hornby* he next took his way,
Resolving to make a *remarkable* day,
Then turn'd to the left of the banks of the *Tees*,
But here he could neither find safety nor ease.
Now finding with what sort of hounds he'd to deal,
And that his pursuers were true men of steel,
He pushed to gain *Skelton* at *Cawthorne Wood*,
With the hounds at his brush, and all eager for blood.

VI.

The field now alive, we all smok'd it along,
So joyous the *music*, each note was a *song*;
All round us was harmony, spirit, and joy,
And strong emulation enliven'd each eye.
Next passing by *Martin* and *Ormsby-hall*,
He seem'd to say little I value you all,
For many a stout horse was now drooping his speed,
And to see them *tail* off was diverting indeed.

VII.

Then proud to be thought no *contemptible fox*,
He dar'd us to follow o'er *Hambleton* rocks,
But the ascent was steep, and so painfully won,
That 'ere we gain'd the top in truth he was gone.
To *Kirkleatham-hall* he next points his career,
Hard press'd by the owner to spend his life there;
Assuring him *he, and his guests* would not fail,
All possible honours to render his *tail*.

VIII.

But *Turner* now being left *alone* in the field,
And finding old *Cæsar* unwilling to yield,
At *Kilton* thought proper to finish the strife,
And so called off the hounds to give *Cæsar* his life.
But *Firetail* and *Bonnylass* wou'd have a meal,
Whose hearts were of oak, and whose legs were of steel;
So they follow'd him to his friend at the *mill*,
Where *triumphant* they seized him, and feasted their fill.

IX.

Then just like attraction 'twixt needle and pole,
All centered that evening at *Kirkleatham-hall*;
Where the *bottle of red*, and the *Foxhunter's* bowl,
Not only enliven'd, but refreshed the soul.
And may the kind *host*, long continue to *grace*
This *country*, this *mansion*, and also the *chace*;
And as long as old time shall be measured by clocks,
May a *Turner* for ever prevail o'er a *Fox*.*

ANACREONTIC—SONG.

WHO dare talk of *Hours*? Seize the Bell of that Clock;
Seize his Hammer, and cut off his Hands:
To the bottle, dear bottle, I'll stick like a rock,
And obey only Pleasure's commands.

Let him strike the SHORT HOURS, and hint at a bed.—
WAITER! bring us more wine, what a whim!
Say that Time, his old master, for *Topers* was made,
And not *jolly Topers* for him.

HAIR POWDER.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ;

PLEASED with thy fav'rite folly, mark old Time,
Wide-grinning at the beau beyond his prime;
And many a maid beyond life's blooming day,
Whose curls his wonted malice turn'd to grey.

Lo, the poor girl whom carrot-colour shocks,
Pines pennyless, and blushes for her locks!
Refus'd to fly to powder's friendly aid,
She bids them seek in caps the secret shade;

---

* The election for the city of York, in 1744; when Sir C. then Mr. Turner was elected, against Mr. Fox.

No

No ringlets now around her neck to wave,
Phillis must hide the redd'ning flame, or shave!
At *thee* she flings her curses, Pitt, and cries,
At *thee* she darts the light'ning of her eyes;
And thinks that love ne'er warmed him who could vex,
With wanton strokes of *cruelty* the sex.

On Sunday's trim, to give his head an air,
Poor Lubin shook the dredge-box o'er his hair;
Hodge dipp'd his caxon 'mid the sack of flour.
But now they execrate the arm of pow'r;
Lubin no longer dares the dredge-box shake,
Nor Hodge to shove his caxon in the sack.

See groups of Hair-dressers all idle stand,
A melancholy, mute, and mournful band;
And barbers eke, who lift the clay-clad pole,
And round and round their eyes of horror roll.
Desponding, pale, like Hosier's ghosts so white,
Who told their sorrows 'mid the moony light.
But see! each hopeless wight with fury foams,
His curling-irons breaks, and snaps his combs;
Ah! doom'd to shut their mouths, as well as shops,
For dead is custom, 'mid the world of Crops.

In fancy now I mark the frequent race;
I see th' informer polls of powder chase!
On this, on that, a footman, maid or mop,
Fierce as the tiger from his ambush, pop!
Now in his cruel clutches, sharp and strong
To Bow-street drag his powder'd prey along;
And now I see the mob in mercy's cause,
Redeem the victim from his savage paws;
And now the tyrant to a horse-pond draw,
To quench the red-hot thunderbolt of law.
Amidst our villages, in fancy's eye,
I see informers chase, and culprits fly—
Rude pikes so hungry, putting to the rout,
Voracious darting, a poor holt of trout.

ANACREONTIC.

FIE, Sylvia! why so gravely look,
Because a kiss or two I took?
Those luscious lips might thousands grant,
Rich rogues that never feel the want.
So little in a kiss I see,
A hundred thou may'st take from *me*.
But since, like misers o'er their store,
Thou hat'st to give, though running o'er;
I scorn to cause the slightest pain,
So pry'thee take them back again;
Nay, with good int'rest be it done,
Thou'rt welcome to take ten for one.

A poor beggar, of the timber-toe tribe, paid a visit to Birmingham, last Michaelmas; and, during the time of the fair, while he was limping along with his game leg tied up behind him, and holding out the hollow of his hat as a receptacle for stray halfpence and farthings, a lady, passing by, cross'd his hand with a piece of silver: upon which, in the true style of STERNE's *Gueux de l'Addresse*, he pour'd forth a million of blessings upon the *fairest* of the *Fair*, as he called her, and told her, "if it were not for such *fair* creatures as SHE, Birmingham *Fair* would be no *Fair* to HIM." This circumstance was thought no bad subject for a time-serving sample of mendicant poetry, and which our readers will find not inapplicable to the title of

BIRMINGHAM FAIR,

A SONG,

To the tune of—"*There was a jolly Miller once lived on the river Dee.*"

A Beggar was limping along the road,
As merry as merry as cou'd be;
For in hovels and barns he took up his abode,
From rent and from taxes free;
And of Birmingham fair he made a great noise,
While his song had this burden so rare;
"Was it not for the Fair Ones of Birmingham, boys,
"Lord, what wou'd be Birmingham "fair!"
"For when I have padded for ten long "miles,
"And hunger has wetted my crop;
"The sight of their features, their dimples "and smiles,
"Is as sweet as a steak or a chop:
"And though I've a stomach that seldomly "cloys,
"My wallet with THEM would I "share,
"For without the Fair Ones of Birmingham, boys,
"Lord, what would be Birmingham "Fair:
"From THEM, when I hobble along the "streets,
"It is never in vain that I beg,
"And with [illegible] to honour each Fair "One I meet,
"Would I wear out my stump of a leg,
"For

" For a *Simon*, to make me to sing and re-
" joice,
" They bestow with so charming an
" air;
" That without the Fair Ones of Birming
" ham, boys,
" Lord, what wou'd be Birmingham
" fair."
" I sing at the fair, and I dance at the fair,
" Tho' I trip on a timber toe;
" For I pick up such peck, and such booz-
" ing there,
" That with plenty I overflow;
" As the pence they let fly at a swing of a
" size,
" While a penny the've got for to
" spare;
" So long may the Fair Ones of Birming-
" ham, boys,
" Be the glory of Birmingham Fair!"

THE AUCTIONEER.

Sung in the new Entertainment of the GOLF CLUB.

FINE, to see the bidders thronging;
Young and old for bargains longing!
Nankeen china, fresh from Wore'ster;
Bristol diamonds set in cluster;
Gems and medals without number;
Silver plate, and learned lumber.

While around the pretty creatures
Nod their chins, and cock their features:
Graceful in the rostrum, mind him,
Little Lotty snug behind him:
Noise and joke, and money flowing,
Sweet's the sound of—Going! going!

First of relics—note the humbug,
Barberini's famous one jug;
Next of books, the heap might crush ye,
Turkish korans—bound in Russia!
Peter Pindar—Tony Pasquin,
All be-gilt, and drest in calf-skin.
Whilst around, &c. &c.

Antique paintings, scarcely dri'd up;
Busts and statutes, vastly cri'd up;
Headless sages; harmless heroes;
Cæsars, Antonines, and Neroes;
Egypt's mummies, fresh as roses;
Mars and Venus without noses!
Whilst around, &c.

EPILOGUE

TO THE TAMER TAMED.

Spoken at the last Theatrical Entertainment at Brandenburgh-house.

By the MARGRAVINE *of* ANSPACH.

Written by MILES PETER ANDREWS, *Esq.*

TO tame the savage rangers of the
wood,
Let them have store of stripes, and little
food;
Lions and tygers are, by this expedient,
Taught to jump over sticks, and growl
obedient.
Wives, take the hint, employ this surest
plan
To tame that strange, eccentric rover—
Man!—
On beauty, tenderness, place no reliance;
Oppose their wish, and starve them to
compliance,
Blows we must wave, lest stronger hands
assail us,
But tongues are ours, those weapons never
fail us;
The *fashioned Sir*, who thinks his mate for
life
Is highly honour'd to be call'd his *Wife*,
Yawn's thro' the morning in his elbow
chair,
Sips his souchong, and scarcely knows she's
there;
At night, return'd from pleasure's cease-
less toil,
His anxious wife receives him with a smile;
A smile, alas! from eyes long used to
weep;
He stares, and yawns again, then falls asleep!
Had she, with proper spirit, deign'd to
look,
And took a lesson from MARIA's book;
Had she, the instant haughty spouse was
gone,
Order'd the coach, and drove thro' half
the town,
Shone at the Op'ra, grac'd the Pharo
table,
Lost all she had, and more if she were
able;
Then, at sun-rising, thunder'd at her door,
Th' astonish'd husband would have yawn'd
no more!
Men are strange animals, we must confess,
The more regards we shew, we find the
less;
Mawkish attention seldom gain our end;
Sport *qui vive* a little, and they'll mend.
Some men there are, whose gentle minds
impart
The glad effusions of a feeling heart;
To all around the glow of comfort give,
And, blest themselves, for others blessings
live;
Ease with politeness, mirth with reason
blend,
Endear the husband, and insure the friend;
What tho' the heirs of fortune and of
birth,
Their private virtues stamp their proudest
worth.
If such, ye wedded fair, your envied lot,
Oh! let MARIA's book be quite forgot,
Adopt a different plan, pay LOVE for LOVE
And strive to equal, what you most approve,